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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

12 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1855, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of four full columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALDON LORNE No. 93, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, K. of L., James F. Beaumont, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. L. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox, Elected T. Horton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 707, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Tucker, Clerk. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

Annual Chapter Meeting.

The annual election of officers of Newport Chapter, No. 2, I. O. O. F., was held on Thursday evening of this week. R. E. Charles B. Manchester, Grand Scribe, presided over the election, and installed the officers, assisted by E. Willard A. Fien, as Captain of the Host. The following officers were elected and installed: High Priest—Mr. E. George W. Wright. King—Mr. William C. Carver. Scribe—Mr. E. P. Augustus Ward. Treasurer—Mr. E. George Russell. Secretary—Mr. E. A. Allen. Chaplain—Mr. Charles A. Gillett. C. of C.—Mr. W. W. W. P. S.—Mr. A. L. Marshall. R. A. S.—Mr. C. H. Blackman. M. S.—Mr. Philip Chaswell. J. S.—Mr. Arthur E. Barnard. S. S.—Mr. Thomas E. Sherman. Tyler—Mr. Gottlieb Spangler. The retiring High Priest, Mr. George Russell, was presented with a handsome Past High Priest's Jewel by the chapter, the presentation speech being made by Mr. E. Robert S. Franklin, Past Grand High Priest. A collation was served at the close of the exercises. Companion David M. Coggeshall, who has occupied the office of treasurer for 14 years, declined re-election.

Old Building Burned.

An old building on Elliott place, formerly used as a slaughter house and later as a sort of prompt club room for the young men of the neighborhood, was destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning. The cause is unknown. At 4:10 Tuesday morning an alarm was struck, calling the department to Box 20. By the time the bells were through ringing the blaze was plainly to be seen from all parts of the city, the brilliance of the flames leading many to think that it was hay burning. The fire department, with the exception of one or two pieces, did not respond with its usual promptness, which was probably due to the heavy roads and the long uphill climb out Broadway. There was little for the department to do except to prevent the spread of the flames to adjoining property, and the recall was quickly rung.

Mr. Robert S. Franklin, Grand Regent of the Royal Arcanum of the state, has received an invitation to attend a monster gathering of the order in New York, the meeting to be held in the armory of the 4th Regiment, in Brooklyn. It is expected that in the neighborhood of 1000 candidates will be present for initiation.

There is no longer doubt but that Newport will have a series of race meetings next summer under the direction of certain of the summer residents. The affair will be managed in connection with the horse show.

Messrs. J. Truman Dudge and Darus B. Dodge of Black Island have gone to Florida to pass the remainder of the winter.

The city council committee on the department has called for bids for construction of a new hose tower, the bids to be in this afternoon at five o'clock.

Rev. Father Coyle, pastor of St. Mary's church, Taunton, and formerly of St. Joseph's church, in this city, was a visitor here the past week.

Barker's Regiment Coming.

The 26th Infantry Will Reach San Francisco About the Middle of April.

The volunteer infantry in the Philippines contains a number of Rhode Island men, many of whom have distinguished themselves by their brilliant services. The regiment that is supposed to be composed principally of New England men is the 26th Infantry, which was recruited and organized at Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., and was one of the first to be ministered into the service. This organization contains many Rhode Island men, among them Captain A. A. Barker, of this city, who has been acting as major ever since the regiment left Honolulu on their journey out. Capt. Barker has been hard service during all the months that he has been in the islands, and has conducted himself with honor.

Now the regiment is about to return home. The 26th Regiment will sail from Manila for this country on the transport Garonne March 15, and will arrive at San Francisco about April 15.

It has not yet been decided whether the regiment will be discharged when it reaches San Francisco, or whether it will remain intact until it reaches Plattsburg, N. Y., where the regiment was recruited.

A prominent official of the War Department, speaking of the disbanding of the regiment, said:

"While it is possible that the regiment may not be disbanded until it is brought East, I believe that the men will be discharged in San Francisco, as by doing this the Government will save a large amount of money."

"When the regiment lands in San Francisco, about April 30, the men will be clad in the uniforms they wear in Manila, which are very thin."

"If the men crossed the mountains clad only in these thin garments they would suffer a good deal with the cold. Therefore, if the regiment is to be brought east before it is discharged the men will be obliged to buy heavier uniforms to travel east, which will be no good to them when they are discharged from the service."

"The factories are hard pushed now to supply clothing for the army, and great difficulty would be experienced in supplying them with warmer clothing."

"Besides, the men would have to pay for this clothing out of their own pockets, and it would be a great hardship to them. If the regiment is disbanded in San Francisco, they can purchase civilian clothes, which will keep them warm and be of service to them."

"The department has no record of how many of the men of the 26th will re-enlist and stay in Manila or how many of them will accept positions under the City Government there. If a young fellow is bright and has the ability to perform clerical work, there is a very good opportunity for him in Manila, and a great many of the discharged volunteers will stay there."

There have been a number of improvements and alterations made at the store of the Newport One Price Clothing Company during the winter, and the home of this concern now presents a more up-to-date appearance than ever. A new floor has been laid and the quarters enlarged. The store, as usual, presents a very attractive appearance. Manager Bergman is just now clearing out his winter stock of clothing at reduced prices and is also showing an interesting line of spring styles in Dunlap hats.

The basket ball teams from the Newport Naval Reserves and the Cloyne School had a "mix-up" at basket ball Wednesday evening and the lighter team of the school boys carried off the victory by a score of 14 to 8. There was a large attendance of spectators, among them being a delegation from Cloyne School, who made their presence known by their cheers.

Charles J. Schultz was struck by a falling ladder on Thames street Monday morning and was badly shaken up. He was removed to his residence in the ambulance. The ladder was one used by painters on the Denman building and fell without warning, knocking Mr. Schultz to the sidewalk.

Rev. George Robinson Hazard, a former Newporter, and now vicar at St. Mark's Church, Southboro, Mass., officiated at the Lenten services at Ray Chapel Thursday evening. While in the city he was guest of his sister, Mrs. I. Goodwin Hobbs.

The water in the various ponds, wells and springs about the city is very low and the officials of the waterworks are thinking seriously about the supply for next summer.

Mr. Otis D. Sleeper, who has been confined to his home for some time past, by illness, is somewhat better, although not able to be out.

Mrs. Lillian White is able to be about her room, and seems to be slowly improving.

The Hazard Property.

An opinion was handed down by Chief Justice Sliness in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court this week in the case of Amos W. Hazard, administrator, against James Coyle, executor. The complainant is administrator on the estate of Rowland A. Hazard, and the respondent, Rev. Fr. Coyle, formerly of Newport, is executor of the will of the late George B. Hazard, of this city. The case has been in court a long time. George B. Hazard at one time transferred some real estate to Rowland A. Hazard, and a chabot was made that this action was to prevent it from falling into the hands of creditors. The property was given in 1883, without consideration, upon the understanding that Rowland was to hold the same for the benefit of George, the latter taking mortgages and promissory notes to insure the performance of the trust. Before his death, George B. Hazard gave the notes, without consideration, to Rev. Fr. Coyle as trustee, and the real estate was transferred back to George or to his order.

The bill of equity was brought by the administrator of the estate of Rowland A. Hazard to enjoin the respondent, Fr. Coyle, from prosecuting, in set-off, the promissory notes in an action of assumpsit now pending between the parties. The cause was sent to a Master and testimony was taken. The court did not think it was clear that there was a fraud in fact, and the complainant is entitled to a decree, enjoining the respondent from prosecuting the notes in set-off.

Natural History Society.

The announcement that Rev. Charles H. Porter, Jr., and Richard Bliss were to address the Society on Monday evening last drew together the largest audience which has been seen at the Museum this winter. Mr. A. O. D. Taylor, the President, introduced Mr. Porter, whose first appearance it was before the Society, and who spoke upon a rare form of sea-beach, of which there is a noted example at Marshfield, Mass. This is the *shell beach*, so called because the shingle or stones which compose it are not thrown together in a confused heap, as is usually the case, but are, by the action of the water, regularly built into a perpendicular wall, almost as compact and firm as if made by human agency, and of such a strength as to defy the force of the waves in the fiercest winter storms. Mr. Bliss referred to the new star, *Nova Persei*, and after the meeting pointed it out to those present. He then read a paper upon Optical Illusions, showing how the eye may be deceived in observing nature, as in judging of distances, the height and nearness of mountains and the like. From this the transition is easy to those optical illusions known as mirages, and Newport, it would seem, is a good place to observe minor forms of mirage, especially the phenomenon known as "looming." Rainbows and halos were also described. The evening was full of interest.

Good Government Club.

The thirty-sixth meeting of the Citizens' Good Government Club, of "Tiverton," will be held at Whitebridge Hall, Saturday evening, March 2, at 7:30 o'clock. Action will be taken to see if the club will amend Article I of the Constitution by adding the words "and Town Improvement Society" after the word "Club," so that the article will then read "This organization shall be called the Citizens' Good Government Club and Town Improvement Society of Tiverton, R. I." The following questions will be discussed: Would it not be a public benefit if our libraries were better supported financially? Is there any method the town could adopt by which we could secure better police service for money expended?

Members are requested to bring before the club any subject which they believe will aid in Town Improvement.

It is expected that at the regular meeting of the city council on Tuesday evening next, action will be taken looking to the establishment of a permanent board of health under the law recently passed by the general assembly. Petitions will also be presented asking that the ringing of the church bells at certain hours be resumed. These petitions have been circulated about the city by the ladies of several societies and have been signed by many tax payers.

There is considerable talk of a new wholesale beef company entering the local field and Mr. Lawrence M. Gresson is talked of as agent.

The members of the No. 4 Engine Company were entertained at supper at fire department headquarters last Monday evening.

Mrs. James Williams and her son, Master George Williams, have been confined to their home during the past week by the grip.

Recent Deaths.

David P. Albino.

Mr. David P. Albino died at his home on Third street Tuesday evening. Although Mr. Albino has been in feeble health for some time, owing to old age, which incapacitated him from performing his customary daily labors, his death came as a shock to his many friends and acquaintances. He was of a retiring nature, but had a very kind and gentle disposition, which won for him many warm, personal friends, and probably no where, outside of his own family, will he be more missed than on the "Point," where he was a very prominent figure, taking his daily walks in that section and meeting his many friends, with whom he always had a pleasant word and a quiet chat. His fatal illness confined him to his bed for only one day.

Mr. Albino was a well-known contractor and builder, and for many years was a member of the First Baptist Church. His wife, Phoebe Cook Albino, died in May, 1893. He leaves six children: Ex-Councilman Charles H. Albino, David P. Albino, Jr., Alderman Herbert C. Albino, Mrs. William G. Stevens, wife of City Clerk Stevens, and the Misses Phoebe and Laura Albino. Mrs. Edward M. Pelzka, another daughter, died about five years ago.

Mr. Albino was the last of a family of eleven children, being a brother of the late James G. Albino and Stephen S. Albino, of this city, Joseph G. Albino, of North Attleboro, Mass., Benjamin Albino, of Warren, R. I., Mrs. Henry Barker, Mrs. Joseph Nasson, Mrs. William D. Southwick, Mrs. Mary Howard, Mrs. Rhoda Dawley and Mrs. Sarah Hubbard.

John Galvin.

John Galvin, one of Boston's most successful florists, died at his home in Dorchester on Saturday. He was a brother of Mr. Thomas Galvin of this city. He was in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Galvin was born in Kent, England, in 1823, and had been engaged in the horticultural and florist business during the greater part of his life. He came to America at the age of 19, accompanied by his mother, and followed the calling of his father as gardener, a business going down from father to son for five generations. His first employment was with the late Dr. Wingstall of New York, after which he went to work with Mr. Towne of Somerville, whom he afterwards bought out and succeeded in business. A few years later he purchased a place in Roxbury and established the first flower store in Boston, in the Albion building, Beacon and Tremont streets.

Mr. Galvin was the second oldest member of the Charitable Irish Society, the senior member being Patrick Donahoe, editor of the Pilot. For more than 30 years he was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, being one of the organizers of the Boston Club, and was also connected with the National Society of American Florists.

He leaves two daughters and four sons, J. Mitchell Galvin who was city clerk of Boston for 10 years, Dr. George W. Galvin, surgeon-in-chief of the Boston Emergency Hospital; Thomas F. Galvin, who still carries on the business started by his father, and Joseph Galvin, who is living in Mexico.

Mrs. George B. Wilson.

Mrs. Harriet M. Wilson died at the residence of her son, Mr. J. Hazard Wilson, in New York, on Friday of last week, in the 84th year of her age. She was the widow of the late George H. Wilson. Since the death of her husband some years ago, Mrs. Wilson had made her home with her son, living in New York during the winter and in Newport during the summer. Her health had been poor for a number of years. She was a daughter of the late Jeremiah Hazard and had spent much of her life in this city. She was for many years a prominent member of the First Methodist Episcopal church of this city.

The remains were brought to this city for interment and the funeral services were held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church Monday morning, Rev. Thomas E. Chandler officiating. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Mrs. Oliver Read.

Mrs. Catherine Read, widow of Oliver Read, died at her residence on Bull street Tuesday, after a long and lingering illness. The deceased was a most estimable woman, and her many deeds of kindness will be missed by those who were benefited by them. She was a member of the Second Baptist church.

The physicians who have been attending Mr. A. C. Tins during his present illness were feeling much encouraged at his condition yesterday. It is not possible to state that he is as yet entirely out of danger but his condition is fully as encouraging as could be hoped for at this time. The operation of last Sunday was entirely successful.

Wedding Bells.

Briggs-Joannides.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Verriest was the scene of a very pretty wedding Tuesday evening when Miss Mae Joannides, daughter of Mrs. Verriest, was united in marriage to Mr. Benjamin T. Briggs, Rev. Brewer G. Boardman, pastor of the First Baptist Church, officiating. The bride was prettily attired in a gown of white point d'esprit, and wore a bridal veil and bridal wreath, carrying a bouquet of white carnations. The bride was attended by Miss Augusta M. Thiesmeyer, of New York, and she was dressed in white muslin, trimmed with valencienne lace and blue ribbons. Her bouquet was also white carnations. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Lewis A. Gladding, of this city.

After the ceremony a reception was held and the newly wedded couple received the congratulations and best wishes of all present, after which all set down to a wedding supper, which proved a very pleasing feature of the evening. The wedding gifts to the bride were not only useful but valuable.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs will take up their residence at 638 Thames street. Mr. Briggs is well known here, being employed as custom house inspector.

A Newporter's Invention.

Do you love coffee? and are you willing to pay a good price for a good article? and after getting it do you feel vexed, and most decidedly cross, because only a poor article is served at table?

The first requisite, after the coffee, is the very best coffee pot. For years we have been seeking the very best. It began with the "Old Dominion," which was good for its day, and has ranged all the way along since, with the good, the bad and the indifferent. The latest and best, until this very last, was *Marion Husband's*.

Now we have found the long-sought-for, or rather it has found us, as many a good thing before has done. Its name is "The Perfect Coffee Pot."

It is the simplest, easiest to use, easiest to keep clean, and gives the best satisfaction of any receptacle for dripping coffee that we have ever seen, and every coffee lover knows that the only way to get the full strength of the coffee, with its delicious aroma, is to drip it. In one using, one does not fully comprehend all the benefits of the pot, but take it, use it day after day, for one week, or for a lifetime, you will not dispose of it for ten times its cost—unless you could get another just like it. It is fully able to speak for itself, only give it a chance.

The Perfect Coffee Pot was invented and is sold by Mr. Charles H. Chase, of this city.

For a Board of Trade.

A meeting of the business men of this city has been called for next Tuesday evening in Mercury Hall, when action will be taken looking to the establishment of a board of trade for this city. The call for the meeting is as follows:

Newport, R. I., Feb. 23, 1901.
Sir—A number of gentlemen will assemble to consider the forming of a board of trade for the city of Newport, for the building up and improving business and social interests, to speed the progress of our city.

We earnestly request that you meet in Sanborn's hall, March 5, Tuesday, at 8 p. m., to consider this movement.
GEORGE E. VERNON,
F. B. COGGESHALL,
GEORGE A. WEAVER.

A union meeting of the various councils of the Royal Arcanum in the city of Providence was held last Wednesday evening. Grand Regent Robert S. Franklin of this city and the board of grand officers were present. Mr. George W. Penniman of Fall River delivered an address to the 200 members present.

In a letter from Capt. A. A. Barker, recently received here, he mentions the loss of his relics, uniforms and money by fire. Capt. Barker had accumulated quite a collection of valuable souvenirs of his military duties in the Philippines, with which he hoped to entertain his friends upon his return.

Plans have been drawn for a new ward for contagious diseases at the Newport Hospital to replace that destroyed by fire several months ago. The new ward, unlike the old one, will be built of brick and will have accommodations for about 14 patients. It will be located on the southeasterly side of the hospital grounds.

Master Raymond Langley, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland S. Langley, has been confined to his home, on Chase street, by illness the past week.

The United States Government is about to purchase 25 additional acres of land at Jamestown for further fortifications there.

Mrs. Francis Worrall, late waitress at the Emergency Hospital, has sailed for Europe to enjoy a vacation after her labors.

Two More Trustees.

The richest baby in America is to have the additional trustees asked for, in the case of John Nicholas Brown, minor, against George W. R. Matteson, trustee et al. Daniel Le Roy Dresser of New York and William Watts Sherman will be appointed co-trustees with George W. R. Matteson, under the will of John Nicholas Brown, in accordance with a rescript entered in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court on Wednesday. The rescript says:

"The Court is of opinion that the prayer of the will should be granted and that Daniel Le Roy Dresser of the city of New York and William Watts Sherman of Newport, R. I., should be appointed co-trustees with George W. R. Matteson under clause twenty-four of the will of John Nicholas Brown, deceased. The decree will provide that the appointments hereby made shall continue only during the joint lives of the three trustees."

By a rescript entered in the Appellate Division of Supreme Court Wednesday, William Watts Sherman of this city is appointed co-trustee, with George W. R. Matteson of the will of the late Harold Brown. The rescript says, the title of the case being *Georgette Brown vs. Sophia A. Sherman et al.*: "The Court is of the opinion that the prayer of the bill should be granted, and that William Watts Sherman of Newport, R. I., the person nominated by the complainant, and also by the respondents, Sophia Augusta Brown and Sophia Augusta Sherman, should be appointed co-trustee with George W. R. Matteson, under the third, nineteenth and twentieth clauses of the will of the late Harold Brown. The decree will provide that in case the said William Watts Sherman shall by the death or resignation of George W. R. Matteson, or otherwise, become sole trustee, he shall at once apply for the appointment of a new trustee, to act jointly with him, and while such sole trustee, shall do no act as such except the collection of income and such other acts as shall be done under the direction of the Court."

G. K. Warren Post.

Thursday evening a very enjoyable camp fire was held by the members of Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., at which the members of Warren Post Associates and invited guests were present, among them being Lieutenant Commander Rees, U. S. N., and Chaplain William Cassard, U. S. N. The programme of exercises was of a very interesting nature. A poem was read by Lieut. Commander Rees and addresses were made by Chaplain Cassard, Col. J. W. Horton, Rev. Mr. Smith, Rev. Mr. Chandler, Commander J. T. Greene, and Mr. Benjamin F. Tanner. A musical programme was rendered and a collation was served.

At the annual meeting of the Warren Post Associates, the following officers were elected: President—Benjamin F. Tanner. Secretary—Frank G. Smith. Treasurer—B. R. H. Sherman. Organist—Augustus H. Bloom. Entertainment—Commander George H. Rees. People's Frederick Osterland and Herbert L. Marsh. Nominating Committee—James H. Barney, Jr., William S. Lawton and Charles T. Hopkins.

The Deacon Guardianship.

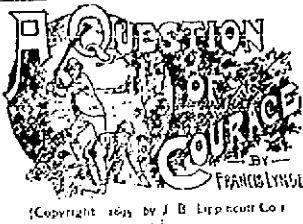
A special session of the court of probate was held Wednesday afternoon by Judge Baker to hear the testimony on the application of William S. Blake, of Boston, for the appointment of a guardian of Edward Parker Deacon, who is at present in McLean Asylum, Somerville, Mass. Mr. Blake is a trustee under the will of Mr. Deacon's grandfather and executor of his mother's estate. The guardianship has expired and it is necessary to have some one collect the dividends and act for Mr. Deacon, who is not capable of attending to his affairs.

Mr. Honey appeared for Mr. Blake and stated that when Mr. Deacon was taken to the asylum he was making Newport his home and that his personal taxes are still paid here.

Dr. C. S. Little, of the McLean Asylum, testified to Mr. Deacon's condition, stating that he fails to recognize any one or to remember anything. After some discussion as to whether the court could grant a guardianship when the person in question is out of the state, the case was continued until Monday next.

Seaman Karl Kristensen, of the U. S. tug Layden, attached to the Torpedo Station, has been missing since Friday of last week, and it is feared that he fell overboard and was drowned. The divers have searched the waters along the wharves at the station, but as yet no trace of him has been found.

There is now quite a number of men at work at the Old Colony repair shops in this city taking the place of the striking boiler-makers. They are quarantined on the steamer Northham. Work is being pushed ahead rapidly on the vessels now at the docks.



AN UNPREPARED DEPARTURE.

Those who ought to know most about such matters point out the mutability of things terrestrial by showing that the change in position of a single grain of sand may determine the course of a mighty river, or that a chance raindrop trickling down the face of a cliff may mark the line of erosion which shall eventually cut the mountain in twain. If these illustrations prove the subjection of the elements to the universal rule of change, examples are not wanting to show that the same law governs with equal authority in the domain of human affairs.

Ringbrand went downstairs the next morning fully determined to carry out his programme of the previous evening, and he told Ludlow at the breakfast table that he would spend the forenoon at the furnace with him. As they were leaving the house together the colonel overtook them in his buggy and invited Ringbrand to go with him on a drive across the valley to look at a horse which was for sale, promising to get him back to the company's office before noon. There was no good reason for refusing, and the colonel was hospitably insistent; Ludlow added his word, and the upshot of the matter was that the superintendent went to his office alone, while his guest departed upon an excursion which was to demonstrate anew the futility of human plans and purposes.

Making due allowance for the fact that Ringbrand was upon the eve of taking a step which involved the renunciation of the woman he loved, he was less uncompanionable than he might have been. Their route took them over the wooded knolls in the main valley, and each rise in the road brought out new beauties of the landscape. At the top of the highest of the hills the colonel stopped and pointed out the winding course of the Harmony river, its bends and reaches etched among the fields in a sinuous pathway of silver mist, ruffled by the sun into bevy waves of translucent pearl. In the middle distance, and about half-way from Tregarten to the river, a group of Lombardy poplars crowned one of the knolls overlooking the valley to the southward, and the colonel indicated the small hill with a comprehensive gesture which included the cultivated fields surrounding it. "That's the Manor farm," he said, "and the old square house stood in that among the poplars. My father raised it in the second year after he moved down from Virginia; and it was a mighty comfortable old mansion—mighty comfortable, seh. If you've been in any of the old Virginia plantation homes, you'll know about what sort of place it was."

"I have passed through Virginia," replied Ringbrand, "and I think I know the type. They certainly look comfortable from the outside, and they give one an idea of stability which is decidedly refreshing in this age of architectural shams."

"Yes, seh, they do that; strong and solid, like a man was builden' for his child'en and grandchild'en. The old Manor house was built that-a-way; beams and timbers of solid oak, dressed down with the broadax. It was a long time a-burnin'."

"I don't wonder your father didn't rebuild it," said Ringbrand, reflectively. "The associations would always have been painful."

The colonel looked surprised: "I hope you don't allow that he went up on the mountain for that reason! No, seh; heh, a better one. Old Doc Lainsford talked right encouragin' about the mountain air for my mother—she was always mighty puffy in the valley. I reckon the change did help her some."

"He added, thoughtfully, 'but she never did pick up after that mornin' when they eyard' father home.'"

Col. Latimer pulled the horses into the road again, and they drove on in silence. The reference to the feud brought Ringbrand back to things present, and the thought that he should not see Hester again had a sharper sting as the time of his departure came nearer. He recalled the little incidents of their acquaintance, and tried to get some comfort out of the belief that her heart was still in her own keeping, and that the pain of renunciation was going to be his not hers. The glance backward at the pleasant hours spent at the home of the Latimers reminded him that it would be ungracious to go away without making some acknowledgment of the colonel's kindness, and he wondered how he could manage it without betraying his plans for immediate retreat. Fortunately, the colonel himself opened the way by asking him to become a guest at "The Laurels."

"I told Tom Ludlow, day befo' yest'day, that he was actin' mighty mean about it, and he said he reckoned they-all could send you to us for a spell."

"I'm sure that's very good of you, colonel, and I thank you both for the invitation and for your many kindnesses to me since I came to Tregarten; you certainly haven't let me feel that I was a stranger among you. I assure you, I would gladly accept the hospitality of 'The Laurels' if—if my time were wholly my own; as it is not, I shall have to ask you to excuse me. I really ought to be in New York now."

"Well, I'm right sorry for that—deed I am," replied the colonel; "I sort of got the idea from Tom you'd stay down here and make us a right good visit."

"I have stayed now longer than I should," rejoined Ringbrand, making a mental reservation as to the reasons. "As you probably know, I depend upon my work for a living, and I can't afford to neglect it for very long at a time."

The colonel laughed. "Pears to me like your work could be done 'most anywhere; we-all've got a mighty quiet place upon the mountain, and I'm right sure Hester could set you out with pen, ink and paper."

"There's no end to your hospitality, colonel," replied Ringbrand, smiling at the thought of literary work in the house

with Hester. "I suppose you'd be quite willing to have me turn 'The Laurels' into a workshop, and I almost wish I could take you at your word, seh, as it would be. It would scarcely be possible, though; I shouldn't know how to work if I were out of reach of the printer's boy."

They had left the main road in the valley, and were descending a steep hill to a ford in the river. The driving was difficult, and the colonel gave his entire attention to the horses as they slid down the rocky declivity, talking to them as if they understood his explicit directions. "So-o, now, there, Tolliver—there's a right smart chunk of rock just ahead of you—step around it, my boy. You, Janet! never you mind about Tolliver; just pick up your own feet a little higher. Steady, now."

"You have pretty rough roads around here," began Ringbrand, bracing himself into his seat. "I should think—"

The interruption was an ominous snap, and the horses stopped. "That sounded mighty like something broke," said the colonel, and they alighted and looked the carriage over carefully. "Yes, here it is, for sure," he continued; "tongue's broke off right here."

They examined the fracture, and Ringbrand suggested wrapping it in splints with one of the halter-straps. "I reckon it wouldn't hold," said the colonel, "but we can try it."

They spent some time trying to put the suggestion into practice, succeeding finally in making a clumsy splice, which the first pull of the horses disjointed hopelessly. "It's no use, Mr. Ringbrand," said the colonel; "we're in for it; there's nothing like a blacksmith shop this side of Tregarten."

Ringbrand looked at his watch and saw that it was half-past ten. "How far are we from the village, colonel?" he asked.

"About eight miles, I reckon." That settled the question of departure for that day, and Ringbrand was annoyed to find himself feeling rather jubilant than disappointed over the unavoidable delay. He helped the colonel unseat, and after an hour's hard work



"Proud of you, Mr. Ringbrand," she said.

they got the buggy to the top of the hill, where they left it at the side of the road and walked back to the nearest farmhouse, leading the horses.

Since the colonel knew nearly everything in the valley, it followed that they had only to mention their need to obtain the hospitality and assistance of the farmer, who lent them an antiquated carriage and refused to let them depart until after dinner. Adding the delays to the time consumed in the careful driving necessary to the preservation of the farmer's vehicle in a state of entirety, it was near the middle of the afternoon when they got back to Tregarten, and then Col. Latimer insisted upon taking his companion up to the mountain for the remainder of the day. Ringbrand offered every reasonable objection he could think of, knowing that another visit to Hester would immeasurably increase the pain of leaving her; but in the end discretion was swept away by an overwhelming desire to see and talk with her once more, and he yielded. They drove past the Ludlows', and he ran in to tell his hostess that he would not be home for tea. She saw the change in him, and detained him to ask if his trouble had disappeared.

"No," he replied, and she saw the look of despondency come into his eyes again; "and that isn't the worst of it; I'm going to do something that will make it infinitely harder."

"Are you going to see Hester?"

"Yes."

"How can that make it harder?"

"I can't explain without telling you all about it, and I haven't the courage to do that now."

"Tell me one thing, at least. Has your trouble anything to do with Hester's money?"

He shook his head. "I wish it were nothing worse than that. I haven't anything, as you know, but I think I could earn a living for both of us."

"And you won't tell me what it is?"

"I cannot."

"Then tell her, Hugh, I—I believe she has a right to know."

He looked up quickly. "You mean that she cares for me?"

"I have no right to say it—she has told me nothing—but I can't help thinking that she does. She seemed anxious and disappointed when you didn't come home last night."

Ringbrand hurried from the house, resolving to break his engagement with the colonel at all hazards, but that gentleman calmly waived his stammering excuses aside and made room for him on the seat of the carriage. "After I've done spoiled your day, a-draggin' you over the country afoot, the very least you can do is to let me eyar' you home with me, and the mo' especially as you can't make us a visit."

Ringbrand gave up again, for the simple reason that he had no valid objection to offer, and half an hour later he was sitting on the veranda of "The Laurels," deep in the discussion of the race problem with the colonel—a discussion in which the northern point of view fared indifferently because the

mind of its advocate was too busy with questions suggested by the presence of Hester Latimer. All through the argument he was studying her face, searching therein for the proof or the contradiction of Mrs. Ludlow's assertion, and tormenting himself by trying to imagine what Hester would say if he should tell her of his intended departure and the reason for it.

After an early tea the colonel excused himself, riding off with Henry to the west farm, a portion of the estate lying two miles farther back on the mountain. When they were left alone together, Ringbrand made a commendable effort to keep the stream of conversation flowing in trivial channels; but his thoughts set so persistently toward the feud, and his bearing upon both their lives, that he had spoken of it almost before he knew what he was saying. "I should think it would be a constant source of anxiety to you," he said, irrelevantly.

"Perhaps it would, if I knew what it was," she answered, demurely.

"Pardon me—I must have been thinking about it, I meant the feud."

She smiled at his preoccupation. "I supposed that was what you were thinking of. No, I can't say that it is exactly a source of anxiety, although, of course, I should be glad enough if the Byrnes would leave the country. It isn't pleasant to have the enmity of such people."

"But your father and brother—don't you sometimes feel anxious on their account?"

She shook her head. "That would be disloyal; it would imply a doubt of their ability to take care of themselves."

Ringbrand was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said: "It's a dreadful state of affairs; though, Miss Hester, I should think it would be a perfect nightmare to you."

"It seems terrible to you, no doubt, but you must remember that we are used to it—or, anyway, as nearly as one can be used to such things. I should feel quite lost without the feud."

"I envy you your courage."

"That's odd. I didn't suppose a man ever envied a woman the possession of such an ordinary virtue as courage."

"Perhaps it isn't so commonplace as you imagine."

"Oh, I meant with gentlemen; of course, it says itself that women are cowards, but that is only another way of saying that men are brave."

"I'm not quite sure that I follow your logic. Would you mind giving me your definition of courage?"

"Perhaps I will—after you've told me yours."

Ringbrand reflected a moment before answering. "Possibly my definition is not quite sincere. I have always thought that the truest courage consisted in doing right when it is easier and safer to do wrong—in other words, that it requires a higher kind of courage to suffer injury than to resent it. I'm beginning to suspect, however, that this test can be applied only to martyrs, and to cowards—to the latter, because they use it as a plea for nonresistance."

"I think that is a little beyond my depth," replied Hester, snipping a rose from the clambering bush that covered the end of the veranda and beginning to trim the petals into Jahlia-like precision with her scissors. "I have always thought of a brave man as one who was simply not afraid of anything; one of whom it could be said that he did not know what fear was."

"That always seemed to me like dubious praise. If one doesn't know the sensation of fear, there can be little virtue in being brave. To my mind, the man who realizes the danger and yet compels himself to face it, though it may be with pallid face and shaking knees, deserves the greater credit."

"I suppose that's true; only I never got that far into the subject before. I don't often reason about such things, because—I suppose you would say because a woman doesn't reason about anything; but it doesn't seem necessary; life isn't so much a question of motives as of deeds; it isn't so much what one thinks as what one does. And father says one does what his ancestors did."

"In that case I ought to be a brave man," said Ringbrand, smiling; "my forefathers were Scottish clansmen, and they haven't left a record of many other virtues."

"Is your name Scotch?"

"Yes; tradition has it that our ancestors were the heralds of the clan, and that the name comes from their custom of whirling a lighted brand in a circle as a signal for the gathering of the hosts."

"How sweetly romantic! It sounds like a bit out of dear old Sir Walter. I should always believe that, whether it is true or not."

Ringbrand laughed shortly: "You have a true woman's admiration for valorous deeds, haven't you? A peaceable man finds himself rather out of the running."

She looked up in surprise at the cynical outburst. "I think that's a little unkind," she said, quietly; "but if you will insist upon throwing down the challenge," she paused and trimmed off the last remaining petals of the rose. "I don't begin to understand how any true woman could respect a man who isn't brave; I'm sure it wouldn't be possible for me, if for no other reason than that I am my father's daughter. There has never been a coward among the Latimers since the day when the good old bishop went to the stake."

He had known well enough what she would say, but the verbal confirmation of his conviction came to him like the sentence death to a criminal who has been proved guilty. He rose and walked the length of the veranda, coming back to lean against the railing opposite her. "You've said a hard thing, Miss Hester," he began, "and I hope you'll forgive me for having provoked it. I wished to say something entirely different—to tell you something of myself."

They both looked around at the sound of horses' hoofs on the gravel of the avenue, and saw the colonel and his son riding toward the house. Hester rose and waited for him to finish. "It's of no consequence," he went on, "or, at least, you wouldn't think so now. Will you tell me good-by, Miss Latimer?"

She suffered him to take her hand, wondering a little at his abruptness. "Surely you are not going so early?" she said.

"Yes, I think I'd better."

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

"but we shall see you again soon, shall we?" she asked.

He was saved from replying by the entrance of the colonel, who protested warmly against his early departure, adding: "You're stoppin' awhile longer, and then take one of the hawkses to ride down?"

"No, thank you, colonel; I think I'd better be going; and I'll enjoy the walk. Good night."

The flush of the summer sunset was still in the western sky when he reached the end of the avenue. "I can't go down there and meet Tom and his wife," he mused; "Helen would drive me crazy with questions that I can't answer to-night. I'd go the other way and walk till they've gone to bed."

He turned out of the avenue and took the road leading to the head of McNabb's cove, sauntering slowly along and going over the events of the past few weeks for the hundredth time. "It's no use arguing the thing," he muttered, "not the least in the world. I can't change my nature, and she would despise me if she knew what a miserable creature I am; I don't believe I could bear that; and yet it's harder than death to leave her now. I know I could make her love me—I saw it in her eyes to-night, and I should have made a wicked fool of myself in another minute if the colonel hadn't come. Hello! who's that?"

He turned at the sound of a galloping horse behind him and waited until Henry Latimer reined up beside the footpath. The colonel's son glanced quickly around into the gathering dusk, and then leaned over and handed a revolver to Ringbrand. "Father saw you turn up this-a-way," he explained, "and he says you'd better tote that. You mightn't need it in a hundred years, but if you did you'd need it right much."

Ringbrand took the weapon awkwardly as a man handles unfamiliar tools. "I'll carry it because you were kind enough to bring it, but I doubt if I'd have the dexterity to make use of it; however, I imagine there's not likely to be any occasion. Please thank your father for me."

He dropped the pistol into his pocket and stood looking after Henry as the latter cantered back toward "The Laurels"; then he resumed his walk and his gloomy meditations.

Thinking about it afterward, he never knew just how far he had gone. He had an indistinct recollection of coming out upon the cliff once, opposite the furnace, and of stopping to look down into the fiery throat of the furnace, lighted by the intermittent flare of the burning gas. After that he remembered that the road made detours into the forest and came out upon the cliff alternately for what seemed a distance of several miles. His last clear impression was the picture of a deep rent in the mountain lying before him in the obscurity of faithless darkness; he felt rather than saw that he was looking into its depths from the verge of a precipice; and he noticed that the shadow of a great tree came between him and the stars. It was here that the mysterious warning of the undefined sense which tells of approaching danger began to make itself felt; and when he recognized its admonition he realized that it had been pressing upon him all along, and that he had been too preoccupied to heed it. Now, however, it refused to be longer ignored, and he felt cold little chills of apprehension creeping over him as he peered around into the shadows of the forest.

"What a contemptible coward I am!" he muttered, struggling to brace himself against the unnerving attack, "standing here shivering like a child in a dark room! I don't deserve to be called a man!"

Then he turned to retrace his steps toward Tregarten; but he had not left the shadow of the tree when two men appeared before him as suddenly and as silently as if they had dropped from the branches over his head. "How up yer han's, dern ye!" commanded the one nearest him, advancing with rifle half raised.

Ringbrand saw his opportunity as distinctly as if its details had been written in letters of fire on the murky background. Though both of the men had guns, neither of them covered him; he had only to draw his revolver and step behind the tree, fighting or parrying from that stronghold as the urgency of the case demanded. It was all simple enough, and his mind was clear to direct; but alas! his palsied limbs refused to obey, and almost before he knew what he was doing he was standing with uplifted hands, his teeth chattering and his knees shaking in a pitiable agony of fear.

He captors gave him no time to protest. "You go on ahead," said the one who had spoken, addressing his companion. "Now, then, fall in, Mr. Spy, jest thar behind him, an' don't you nev' look cross-eyed. Jes ye're hankerin' to get a bullet thro' yer haid! March!" Ringbrand did as he was told, following the shadowy outline of his guide, who turned to the left into the forest. As they stumbled along in the darkness, he knew that a brave man would have yet turned defeat into victory; they had not yet disarmed him, and he saw how easy it would be to make the chances of a struggle at least equal by shooting the man in front. The thought returned again and again with urgent insistence, but he could not bring himself to the point of action; and the opportunity vanished when the file-leader stopped at the bottom of a small sink-hole in the plateau, and, turning upon him suddenly, pinioned his arms to his side with a few turns of a rope.

"What are you trying to do with me, anyway?" he demanded, while they were pushing him forward to a spot of blackness appearing like the mouth of a well between two boulders. "Jest you wait a minute, an' you'll see; we don't low to have no renegades aspin' round this yere mountain."

"But I'm no renegade officer; you should know that if you know anything at all about me."

"That's as how it may be; we don't low to take no chances, now. Now, then, down you go."

Ringbrand bit his tongue to keep from crying out as they thrust him forward into the black hole between the rocks; there was a horrible sensation of falling into measureless depths, ending in a sharp jerk of the rope around

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A Church with a Mission.

One of the most important articles of this or any other month—important both by weight of what is said and by the way the writer says it—is that by Dr. Jacob Ellis on the work of old St. George's Parish, New York, in the March number of The World's Work. The story of the street boy, Tony, and the great work that this active church is doing for him and his companions is inspiring. Striking, too, is the sketch of the man who has directed it all, Dr. W. S. Rainford. An incident illustrates the sort of opposition Dr. Rainford has had to overcome:

He had started a mission school in the back rooms of a saloon on Avenue A and at one of the first sessions found a big ruffian in possession greatly to the discomfort of the teacher. Told to go out, the fellow informed Dr. Rainford with an oath that he would see him further first. The doctor talked peacefully enough to the blackguard, leading to avoid a disturbance, but when he swore at him again, gave him his own medicine in a blow that felled him like an ox. The fellow arose, dazed and groping, to find the doctor standing over him, ready to have it out.

"Have you got enough?" he asked. The man cried out and went his way. The Sunday school session proceeded.

A week later there was another fight. The ruffian started in to clear the room, peevishly having failed, and found the tiny teacher of the previous encounter at his elbow.

"I thought I was in for it," he said, telling of it, "and that they had come to clean me out. I made sure my back was free and turned upon them. Imagine my surprise when I saw my customer of the week before grab the other by the neck and rush him to the door."

"Here," he said, firing him out, "the rector and I can clean out this saloon!" That was the last fight he had.

Dog Is a Money Saver.

Tiffin, Ohio, has a dog whose instinct has been developed in the direction of hoarding money. He is owned by Landlord Duil Chamberlain of the Shawm House, and is probably the only dog in the world that has a bank account. This thifty canine is a small thoroughbred terrier and his name is Zip. In early life Zip learned to pick up coins thrown upon the floor. If several different kinds were scattered for his benefit he invariably discriminated in favor of silver dollars. Guests at the hotel were fond of indulging Zip in this pastime, until he began carrying the coins to the landlord's private apartments, upstairs. Mr. Chamberlain refunded the money, and then, for future financial operations, provided a toy bank for Zip and taught him how to drop the captured coins through the slot. Zip's trick is a favorite practical joke to serve on the uninitiated, and after a traveling man sees Zip disappear upstairs with his coin the landlord makes it good. Yesterday Mr. Chamberlain opened the bank and counted out nearly \$9 which he had from time to time helped to contribute towards Zip's rainy (dog) day. He placed the amount in a local savings bank to Zip's credit. Zip does not understand this phase in his career as a capitalist, but his pursuit of the elusive dollars continues undisturbed.

Where the Danger Was.

A little beyond a certain Scotch village the main road has a marked deviation, and this added to a sharp turn at the bottom decided the authorities to erect a danger board. The board was entrusted to an old worthy, who duly fixed up the warning at the foot of the hill.

"What's wrong with the bottom of the brace, ye thundering idiot?" exclaimed a village dignitary angrily. "Mau, there's everything wrong," came the reply. "Is it no there where a' the accidents take place?"

The Great Unemployed.

"I haven't seen any evidence of this prosperity they talk about so much," said the Alphabet.

The Numerals, which had often been arrayed as proof, were surprised at this.

"Well anyway," returned the Alphabet, "I know of twenty-two letters that are out of work."—Newark Daily Advertiser.

Retort Courteous.

"Beg your pardon, kind lady," began the polite beggar, "but I'm badly in need of money."

"I wonder if you deserve help," said the kind lady, suspiciously. "If I were to give you a penny, what would you do with it?"

"Your generosity would overwhelm me, ma'am. I'd buy a postal card and write you a note of thanks."—Pittsburgh Press.

A Horridly Practical Girl.

Alf—"Your life shall be filled with sunshine."

She—"Yes, and how about lamp-light? Can you undertake to keep the oil can filled?"—Detroit Free Press.

Deacon Styles—"But don't you think we should have a fire escape upon the church?"

The architect—"Wouldn't that be a case of Pelion on Ossa? The church itself is a fire escape, isn't it?—Boston Transcript.

"Your majesty," said the right-hand man of the native king, "there is a missionary working his way along the coast." "Well, we can't want to have any trouble," said the king. "Ask him if his people won't be satisfied with a cooling station."—Puck.

"Didn't I tell you to let well enough alone?" said the doctor to the convalescent who had dislocated and was suffering a relapse.

"Yes, doctor," whined the patient, "but I wasn't well enough."

"Yes," said the bashful philosopher, "I'm taking the hot water cure."

The landlady noticed that he looked thoughtfully at the soap.—Syracuse Herald.

A western Kansas editor apologizes for saying a bride appeared in her "shirt sleeves." We wrote "short sleeves," says the editor "as plain as we knew how."

In 1897 there were 115 derailments and 519 collisions, and 2,350 other accidents on the Russian railroads.

Rice has a finer flavor if washed in hot water, instead of cold, before cooking.

A Question of Courage.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

VII.

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

Mr. Thomas Ludlow said what he believed to be the truth when he told his wife that the efforts of the company's attorneys to purchase the Bynum farm had come to naught, but in making the statement he had seriously underrated the astuteness of the gentlemen in question. Instead of abandoning the attempt, they had merely withdrawn from the field for the purpose of approaching it at a different angle, and Ludlow's assertion only proved how well the secrets of their plan had been guarded. Indeed, at the very time when he had spoken so confidently of the failure of the New York attorneys, these worthy gentlemen had already begun an attack from another quarter; and the emissary of a Cincinnati broker, who was supposed to represent a new mining company organized in that city, had made more than one stealthy visit to the farmhouse in the cove, driving thence from Dunbar, the railway station next above Tregarten, for the purpose of keeping himself discreetly in the background. This diplomatic ambassador had his final interview with the Bynums on the day following Ringbrand's excursion with the colonel; and when, late in the afternoon, he drove back to the hotel in Dunbar, he drove back to the hotel in Dunbar, the deed to the Bynum acres was safely buttoned up in the inside pocket of his coat.

If the shrewd agent congratulated himself a little on the success of his mission, it was certainly pardonable, for there had been difficulties. Jule Bynum was obstinately opposed to the sale from the first, because it involved the uprooting of the family from the soil of Tennessee and a migration to the unfamiliar regions of the Texas frontier; and her reluctance was shared in a less degree by her brother Jed. On the other side, however, Jeff, in whom the seed of restlessness had been implanted on his former journey, was anxious to be gone again; and his stories of the unrestrained life on the border had gained him a partisan in the person of his other brother. With this equal division in numbers, the plans hanging upon the sale of the farm hung in the balance until Jule's opposition was finally overcome by the arrival of a letter from her Uncle Jed, who described, in such glowing terms as his limited vocabulary could furnish, the prosperity which awaited them in the west. This letter had opportunely reached the cove on the day preceding the emissary's final visit, and its urging, together with a substantial increase in price offered by the ambassador, had procured the reluctant consent of the two objectors.

Having thus arrived at the threshold of the proposed migration, the details of its accomplishment were arranged in the evening of the same day, when the family was gathered in the kitchen of the farmhouse. Jeff and Jule did most of the talking; Jed sat back in the chimney-corner, saying little; and Bud had taken the stock from his rifle and was swabbing the barrel in a pan of water before the wide fireplace. "D'ye 'low ye can get ready for to light out by to-morrow night, Jule?" asked Jeff.

"Oh, I reckon so," replied his sister, with a dissatisfied air. "Y'all ain't gwine to rest now tell we've done to 'n up 'n gone. But how d'ye reckon we'll all be in the night? They didn't no cays a-runnin' then."

Jeff rose from his seat on the bed and broke off a leaf from the bunch of tobacco hanging over the fireplace. "We all didn't 'low to take the cays at the settlement," he explained. "I been sort o' figurin' on gettin' squar' with that dern crowd up on the mounting 'fore we all done left Tennessee for good, an' 'tain't gwine be healthy for none o' we'll to be seen round here afterwards. Come to think of it, though, they ain't no use o' makin' you ride over the mounting in the night; ye can go just as well the next day an' wait for we all at McNairville."

"What on top o' the yeth does y'all want to start from McNairville for?" she asked, in surprise.

"'Cause the cays done leave that 'bout three o'clock in the mornin', an' we all can get 'thoo yere an' make hit 'cross the mounting 'fore that time."

"An' ye was 'lowin' to do that to-morrow night?"

"No; that 'd be too soon for what we's a-figurin' on; to-morrow's Thursday—ye can take the morn' an' ride over Friday, an' we'll 'll fine ye Friday night. How'll that thar do?"

"Oh, I reckon I can go one time's well as another. What d'ye all do with the city feller last night?"

Bud chuckled. "Scared him plum to death an' dropped him in the hole in 'Possum hollow."

"Didn't tote him up nothin' to eat, did ye?"

"No." "I want to let him go hungry for a spell, so 'e could sort o' see what hit was like."

"What y'all gwine do with him?" asked Jed, speaking for the first time.

"Reckon we'll turn him loose after he's done served up enough to min' his own business," responded Jeff, leisurely filling his pipe with the crushed leaf of tobacco. "Tain't gwine hurt him none to stay thar a day or so."

Jule went to the cupboard in the corner, and a few minutes later left the room. Jed broke the silence which followed her departure. "I done heard that Tom Ludlow 'd put a gang to work in the McNabbs ag'in to-day," he said.

"I know hit," replied Jeff. "We all 'll give 'em a surprise party 'bout to-morrow night. I reckon they'll keep yerdar thar, but that ain't twice do no good!"

Bud shook his head. "No, they all don't know nothin' about the crevice. Wonder if the city feller can hear 'em a-workin'?"

"I reckon so," replied Jeff. "Mos' likely he's been a-hollerin' the top o' his head off all day, a-tryin' to make out to raise somebuddy. I believe he was 'bout the worst scared-up feller I ever did see."

Bud laughed. "He shore was. He trembled jest like a gal when I was a tyin' his arms."

Jeff tilted his chair against the wall

and smoked meditatively until his pipe went out. "D'ye know, Buddy, I can't get shot o' the idee that I've done see that thar feller afore"—he knocked the ashes out of the pipe and dropped it into his pocket—"an' I jest can't rickter whar—By Hickry! I do rickter, now!" The speaker brought his chair down with a crash, and the others looked up with astonishment at his sudden exclamation.

"Whar was hit, Jeff?" asked Bud.

"Hit was"—he got up and paced the floor excitedly—"that's jest whar hit was. I done told you all 'bout that thar crevice in the express office, when that plum fool messenger 'lowed to start we all off with a gun; thar wasn't no time for to talk, an' jest as I fired I done saw a man comin' in at the back do'—"

He paused and then added, impressively: "Boys, hit was that thar city chap, an' he's down yere to get me."

An awed silence fell upon the group in the kitchen after Jeff made this announcement. Bud put his gun together and loaded it carefully, sitting quietly afterward with the weapon across his knees; and Jed came out of his dark corner to feel mechanically on the high mantel shelf for his pipe. The night had closed in with storm signals flying in the western sky, and the rising wind began to sigh dimly through the trees, sending occasional puffs eddying down the chimney to scatter little clouds of light ashes from the expiring embers on the hearth. The measured sob of the great engine at the furnace rose and fell on the breeze, mingling its tones with the hoarse mutterings of the approaching storm. At the head of the cove there is a deep cleft in the perpendicular wall of rock known to the dwellers in Harmony Valley as "The Chimney." With the breath of the tempest, the fissure becomes the disposal of nature's great organ, and already its deep reedy voice could be heard, filling the cove with a sound like the rushing of the waves on a sandy beach, or like the distance-softened roar of a mighty cataraict.

From his watch tower in the blasted oak behind the barn, a great owl added his mournful call to the weird noises of the night, while all the shriller and cheerfuller voices of nature were hushed and silent in the presence of the storm-king. Jeff Bynum continued his monotonous walk up and down the narrow limits of the kitchen, stopping at each turn to peer out of the windows into the thickening gloom.

Bud was the first to speak. "What-all does ye 'low to do 'bout hit, Jeff?" he inquired.

The elder brother dropped into a chair and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "I 'low I don't jest rightly know, Buddy; I don't, for a fact; thar can't be no mistake; I ain't nowise likely to forget that thar feller; hit's been a barnt to me more'n one night since I seed hit; hit has, for shore."

Jed got up and fired another stick of wood on the fire. "Ye reckon ye're plum shore, Jeff?" he asked. "Tears like this yere feller's been mindin' his own business to'fable clost sense he come to the settlement."

"No, Jed, he hain't; that's whar's a-fittin' me. He was a-tryin' round this yere cove only day before yistiddy; I seed him; an' Jule he look him up on the mounting and pinter him the way back from the McNabbs."

"Jule!"

"Yes, Jule. I 'low she didn't know who 't was he was. She done left him standin' afore the mouth of the tunnel. An' that ain't the mos' curious part o' hit; he scrambled into the hole over the broken rocks, an' jest about a minute afterwards he come a-pilin' out o' thar like he seed a barnt, an' the last I seed o' him he was a-makin' the longest kind o' tracks to'rdst the valley."

"What d'ye reckon he seed in thar?"

"I'll nev' tell ye; but that hain't the question; hit looks mighty like he's a-speakin' round yere to fin' out some-thin' 'bout we all, an' I reckon thar's got to be somethin' done."

Bud glanced around into the gathering shadows in the room, and asked: "Whar's Jule?"

"I dunno," replied Jeff; "gone to bed, I reckon."

Bud stood his rifle in the chimney-corner and went out, coming back in a moment to say: "I reckon she has; leastways, thar's no light."

Another interval of oppressive silence followed Bud's assurance. The three men sat around the hearth, each knowing the others' thought, and each hoping that one of the others would put the pitiless suggestion into words.

While they waited the first great drops of rain pattered on the roof, and the sobbing of the wind through the tree-tops and the louder growling of the thunder, drowned the roar of "The Chimney." The dusky interior of the kitchen grew more shadowy as the handful of fire on the hearth died down, and the darkness was intensified by an occasional flash of lightning contrasting its glare with the twilight of the room. The red glow from the coals fell upon the faces of the three brothers grouped about the fireplace and sitting in silent judgment upon a man whose only offense was his resemblance to some other man. Each of the three felt that there was a terrible margin of doubt, and yet each knew that it was only doubt and not certainty. If their prisoner and the single witness of Jeff's crime were identical, there could be no safety for at least one of them while the man lived; if not—if Jeff were mistaken, after all—the alternative was sufficiently dreadful to make them hesitate to give it shape in speech.

The suggestion came finally from the one who was most deeply concerned. Jeff rose slowly and took down his rifle from its pegs over the mantel. "I reckon hit's got to be done, boys," he said, huskily. "I hate hit mighty bad, but I can't afford to take no chances."

Bud joined him at once, but Jed hesitated. "You don't have to come, Jed," said the elder brother; "two of us is enough, an' I know ye ain't afeard."

"I'm goin' long with yon-all, only I hope yere pow'ful shore, Jeff; seem like hit's mighty tough to go an' shoot him like he's a rat in a hole, less ye're p'int-black certain ye got to do hit."

They went out noiselessly, so as not to awaken Jule, and Jeff led the way to the trail up which the woman had piloted Ringbrand two days before. The wind had risen to a gale, and it was wringing and twisting the trees above

their heads; but the rain delayed and the storm seemed to be blowing over. When they reached the base of the cliff, they left the path and turned shortly to the right, following the



Jeff rose slowly and took down his rifle.

line of the rocky wall until they reached a narrow ledge affording a precarious passage up to the table-land. Emerging, after a breathless scramble, upon the unsheltered mountain-top, where the wind had full sweep, they pushed on gasping until they stood in the small ravine under the lee of the boulders marking the entrance to Ringbrand's prison. Jeff uncoiled the rope he had brought, and was preparing to descend, when Jed stopped him.

"Don't ye 'low that'll be sort o' risky? If that thar feller's what ye done took him for, he's gwine fight, for shore. He ain't gwine stan' still an' 'low ye to shoot him in co' blood."

The caution brought back with appalling distinctness the ghastly horror of the deed they were about to do, and they paused in fearful hesitation. Then Bud proposed that they go down into the other cavern, using the narrow crevice for a loop-hole, and a few minutes later he and Jeff were standing in the pitchy darkness of the subterranean chamber, while Jed watched at the aperture above. Jeff felt his way along one of the walls until he came to a niche, where they kept a miner's lamp, and, lighting this they cautiously reconnoitered the adjoining chamber as well as they could by its inefficient help. The light from the lamp penetrated but a short distance beyond the narrow opening, but it answered the purpose, and they could see the shadowy outlines of the figure of a man stretched out upon the sandy floor of the cavern. Jeff

handed the lamp to his brother and took careful aim at the motionless form; his hand trembled so that he could not hold the gun steady, and he got down upon his knees and rested it against the side of the crevice. Even then he was so long about it that Bud's nerve collapsed and the lamp fell from his shaking fingers; it did not go out, and as he held it up again he whispered: "Shoot—quick! I can't!"

A blinding flash illuminated the cavern, and the dead air of the place jarred with a concussion that put out the light and reverberated like pent-up thunder in the arches of the vault. The two men fell over each other in their frantic haste to reach the open air, lighting like caged wild beasts for precedence upon the difficult stairway; and when they emerged from the mouth of the smoky pit, the contagion of terror communicated itself to their passive accomplice, and the three men scattered in a mad flight toward the cove.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cement Floor for a Cellar. While it is not at all difficult to lay a cement floor it is well to have the advice and assistance of a local mason. The main thing is to get a good foundation of broken stones or bricks at least six inches deep. The cement can then be mixed dry with its bulk of coarse, sharp sand, or fine gravel. Add water and mix very thoroughly until it is a soft uniform mortar. Pour over the foundation, tamping down well until it fills all crevices between the stones. In about 24 hours another thinner coat may be smoothly spread over the surface, making everything level. Cover with hay or straw for several days to avoid too rapid drying and cracking. There is nothing better than cement for the purpose.—Rural New Yorker.

The Early Ohio Grape. Early Ohio is one of the very earliest grapes; being about one week earlier than Moore, which has long been the standard of earliness. It has a vigorous and productive vine and seems to be remarkably healthy. The fruit is quite exempt from mildew and rot. The bunch is large, the berries of medium size, black and adhere tenaciously to the stem. The flavor is good, being much better than that of most of the early grapes. It is a good variety for early market.—H. E. Van Deman, in Rural New Yorker.

Careful Selection of Seeds. The cause of many poor crops is the result of the deterioration of the seed used. Most crops will soon deteriorate if the seed is simply harvested and re-sown year after year. If seed is to be selected from the farm crop, rather than purchased each year, and many seeds should be taken from the former source, to much care cannot be taken in picking the best specimens from the strongest and most vigorous plants. Everyone knows this; but everyone does not practice it.—Farmers' Voice.

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The above companies in addition to those already represented by me, enable me to write for any amount desired, at the lowest rates and the high standing and character of the companies offer the strongest indemnity against fire.

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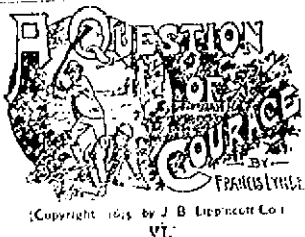
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Flagg's Bargain Store, 12 FRANKLIN STREET, OPP. P. O.

Gray Enamelled Ware Prices.

10 Quart Milk Pans	55c.
Quart Milk or Hot Water Kettles	75c.
1 Quart Sauce Pans	15c.
2 Quart Sauce Pans	25c.
2 1/2 Quart Sauce Pans	35c.
3 Quart Sauce Pans	45c.
4 Quart Sauce Pans	55c.
5 Quart Sauce Pans	65c.
6 Quart Sauce Pans	75c.
7 Quart Sauce Pans	85c.
8 Quart Sauce Pans	95c.
9 Quart Sauce Pans	1.00
10 Quart Sauce Pans	1.05
11 Quart Sauce Pans	1.10
12 Quart Sauce Pans	1.15
13 Quart Sauce Pans	1.20
14 Quart Sauce Pans	1.25
15 Quart Sauce Pans	1.30
16 Quart Sauce Pans	1.35
17 Quart Sauce Pans	1.40
18 Quart Sauce Pans	1.45
19 Quart Sauce Pans	1.50
20 Quart Sauce Pans	1.55
21 Quart Sauce Pans	1.60
22 Quart Sauce Pans	1.65
23 Quart Sauce Pans	1.70
24 Quart Sauce Pans	1.75
25 Quart Sauce Pans	1.80
26 Quart Sauce Pans	1.85
27 Quart Sauce Pans	1.90
28 Quart Sauce Pans	1.95
29 Quart Sauce Pans	2.00
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31 Quart Sauce Pans	2.10
32 Quart Sauce Pans	2.15
33 Quart Sauce Pans	2.20
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78 Quart Sauce Pans	4.45
79 Quart Sauce Pans	4



with Hester. "I suppose you'd be quite willing to have me turn 'The Laurels' into a workshop; and I almost wish I could take you at your word, selfish as it would be. It would scarcely be possible, though; I shouldn't know how to work if I were out of reach of the printer's boy."

They had left the main road in the valley, and were descending a steep hill to a ford in the river. The driving was difficult, and the colonel gave his entire attention to the horses as they slid down the rocky declivity, talking to them as if they understood his explicit directions. "So, now, there, Tolliver—there's a right smart chunk of rock just ahead of you—step around it, my boy. You, Janel, never you mind about Tolliver; just pick up your own feet a little higher. Steady, now."

"You have pretty rough roads around here," began Ringbrand, bracing himself into his seat. "I should think—"

The interruption was an ominous snarl, and the horses stopped. "That sounded mighty like something broke," said the colonel, and they alighted and looked the carriage over carefully. "Yes, here it is, for sure," he continued; "tongue's broke off right here."

They examined the fracture, and Ringbrand suggested wrapping it in splints with one of the halter-straps. "I reckon it wouldn't hold," said the colonel, "but we can try it."

They spent some time trying to put the suggestion into practice, succeeding finally in making a clumsy splint, which the first pull of the horses disjoined hopelessly. "It's no use, Mr. Ringbrand," said the colonel; "we're in for it; there's nothing like a blacksmith shop this side o' Tregarthen."

Ringbrand looked at his watch and saw that it was half-past ten. "How far are we from the village, colonel?" he asked.

"About eight miles, I reckon."

That settled the question of departure for that day, and Ringbrand was annoyed to find himself feeling rather jubilant than disappointed over the unavoidable delay. He helped the colonel unhitch, and after an hour's hard work



"I'm proud of you, Mr. Ringbrand," she said.

they got the buggy to the top of the hill, where they left it at the side of the road and walked back to the nearest farmhouse, leading the horses.

Since the colonel knew nearly every one in the valley, it followed that they had only to mention their need to obtain the hospitality and assistance of the farmer, who lent them an antiquated carriage and refused to let them depart until after dinner. Adding the delays to the time consumed in the careful driving necessary to the preservation of the former's vehicle in a state of entirety, it was near the middle of the afternoon when they got back to Tregarthen, and then Col. Latimer insisted upon taking his companion up to the mountain for the remainder of the day.

Ringbrand offered every reasonable objection he could think of, knowing that another visit to Hester would immeasurably increase the pain of leaving her; but in the end discretion was swept away by an overwhelming desire to see and talk with her once more, and he yielded. They drove past the Ludlows', and he ran in to tell his hostess that he would not be home for tea. She saw the change in him, and detained him to ask if his trouble had disappeared.

"No," he replied, and she saw the look of despondency come into his eyes again; "and that isn't the worst of it; I'm going to do something that will make it infinitely harder."

"Are you going to see Hester?"

"How can that make it harder?"

"I can't explain without telling you all about it, and I haven't the courage to do that now."

"Tell me one thing, at least. Has your trouble anything to do with Hester's money?"

He shook his head. "I wish it were nothing worse than that. I haven't anything, as you know, but I think I could earn a living for both of us."

"And you won't tell me what it is?"

"I cannot."

"Then tell her, Hugh, I—I believe she has a right to know."

He looked up quickly. "You mean that she cares for me?"

"I have no right to say it—she has told me nothing—but I can't help thinking that she does. She seemed anxious and disappointed when you didn't come home last night."

and of his advocate was too busy with questions suggested by the presence of Hester Latimer. All through the argument he was studying her face, searching therein for the proof or the contradiction of Mrs. Ludlow's assertion, and tormenting himself by trying to imagine what Hester would say if he should tell her of his intended departure and the reason for it.

After an early tea the colonel excused himself, riding off with Henry to the west farm, a portion of the estate lying two miles farther back on the mountain. When they were left alone together, Ringbrand made a commendable effort to keep the stream of conversation flowing in trivial channels; but his thoughts set so persistently toward the feud, and its bearing upon both their lives, that he had spoken of it almost before he knew what he was saying. "I should think it would be a constant source of anxiety to you," he said, irrelevantly.

"Perhaps it would, if I knew what it was," she answered, demurely.

"Harden me—I must have been thinking about it. I meant the feud."

She smiled at his preoccupation. "I supposed that was what you were thinking of. No, I can't say that it is exactly a source of anxiety, although, of course, I should be glad enough if the Bynums would leave the country. It isn't pleasant to have the enmity of such people."

"But your father and brother—don't you sometimes feel anxious on their account?"

She shook her head. "That would be disloyal; it would imply a doubt of their ability to take care of themselves."

Ringbrand was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said: "It's a dreadful state of affairs, though, Miss Hester; I should think it would be a perfect nightmare to you."

"It seems terrible to you, no doubt, but you must remember that we are used to it—on, anyway, as nearly as one can be used to such things. I should feel quite lost without the feud."

"I envy you your courage."

"That's odd. I didn't suppose a man ever envied a woman the possession of such an ordinary virtue as courage."

"Perhaps it isn't so commonplace as you imagine."

"Oh, I meant with gentlemen; of course, it says itself that women are cowards, but that is only another way of saying that men are brave."

"I'm not quite sure that I follow your logic. Would you mind giving me your definition of courage?"

"Perhaps I will—after you've told me yours."

Ringbrand reflected a moment before answering. "Possibly my definition is not quite sincere. I have always thought that the truest courage consisted in doing right when it is easier and safer to do wrong—in other words, that it requires a higher kind of courage to suffer injury than to resent it. I'm beginning to suspect, however, that this test can be applied only to martyrs and to cowards—to the latter, because they use it as a plea for inaction."

"I think that is a little beyond my depth," replied Hester, snipping a rose from the clambering bush that covered the end of the veranda and beginning to trim the petals into Jahlia-like precision with her scissors. "I have always thought of a brave man as one who was simply not afraid of anything; one of whom it could be said that he did not know what fear was."

"That always seemed to me like a dubious praise. If one doesn't know the sensation of fear, there can be little virtue in being brave. To my mind, the man who realizes the danger and yet compels himself to face it, though it may be with pallid face and shaking knees, deserves the greater credit."

"I suppose that's true; only I never got that far into the subject before. I don't often reason about such things, because I suppose you would say because a woman doesn't reason about anything; but it doesn't seem necessary; life isn't so much a question of motives as of deeds; it isn't so much what one thinks as what one does. And father says one does what his ancestors did."

"In that case I ought to be a brave man," said Ringbrand, smiling. "My forefathers were Scottish claustrates, and they haven't left a record of many other virtues."

"Is your name Scotch?"

"Yes; tradition has it that our ancestors were the heralds of the clan, and that the name comes from their custom of whirling a lighted brand in a circle as a signal for the gathering of the hosts."

"How sweetly romantic! It sounds like a bit out of dear old Sir Walter. I should always believe that, whether it is true or not."

Ringbrand laughed shortly. "You have a true woman's admiration for valorous deeds, haven't you? A peevish man finds himself rather out of the running."

She looked up in surprise at the cynical outburst. "I think that's a little unkind," she said, quietly; "but if you will insist upon throwing down the challenge," she paused and trimmed off the last remaining petals of the rose. "I don't begin to understand how any true woman could respect a man who isn't brave; I'm sure it wouldn't be possible for me, if for no other reason than that I am my father's daughter. There has never been a coward among the Latimers since the day when the good old bishop went to the stake."

He had known well enough what she would say, but the verbal confirmation of his conviction came to him like the sentence death to a criminal who has been proved guilty. He rose and walked the length of the veranda, coming back to lean against the railing opposite her. "You've said a hard thing, Miss Hester," he began, "and I hope you'll forgive me for having provoked it. I wished to say something entirely different—to tell you something of myself."

They both looked around at the sound of horses' hoofs on the gravel of the avenue, and saw the colonel and his son riding toward the house. Hester rose and waited for him to finish. "It's of no consequence," he went on, "or, at least, you wouldn't think so now. Will you tell me good-by, Miss Latimer?"

She suffered him to take her hand, wondering a little at his abruptness. "Surely you are not going so early?" she said.

"Yes, I think I'd better."

"But we shall see you again soon, shall we?" she asked.

He was moved from replying by the entrance of the colonel, who protested warmly against his early departure, adding: "Can't you stop awhile longer, and then take one of the hawkses to ride down?"

"No, thank you, colonel; I think I'd better be going; and I'll enjoy the walk. Good night."

The flush of the summer sunset was still in the western sky when he reached the end of the avenue. "I can't go down there and meet Tom and his wife," he mused; "Helen would drive me crazy with questions that I can't answer to-night. I'll go the other way and walk till they've gone to bed."

He turned out of the avenue and took the road leading to the head of Me-Nabb's cove, sauntering slowly along and going over the events of the past few weeks for the hundredth time. "It's no use arguing the thing," he muttered, "not the least in the world. I can't change my nature, and she would despise me if she knew what a miserable creature I am; I don't believe I could bear that; and yet it's harder than death to leave her now. I know I could make her love me—I saw it in her eyes to-night, and I should have made a wicked fool of myself in another minute if the colonel hadn't come. Hello! who's that?"

He turned at the sound of a galloping horse behind him and waited until Henry Latimer reined up beside the footpath. "The colonel's son glanced quickly around into the gathering dusk, and then leaned over and handed a revolver to Ringbrand. "Father saw you turn up this way," he explained, "and he says you'd better tote that. You mightn't need it in a hundred years, but if you did you'd need it right much."

Ringbrand took the weapon awkwardly as a man handles unfamiliar tools. "I'll carry it because you were kind enough to bring it, but I doubt if I'd have the dexterity to make use of it; however, I imagine there's not likely to be any occasion. Please thank your father for me."

He dropped the pistol into his pocket and stood looking after Henry as the latter cantered back toward "The Laurels"; then he resumed his walk and his gloomy meditations.

Thinking about it afterward, he never knew just how far he had gone. He had an indistinct recollection of coming out upon the cliff once, opposite the furnace, and of stopping to look down into the fiery throat of the cupola lighted by the intermittent flare of the burning gas. After that he remembered that the road made detours into the forest and came out upon the cliff alternately for what seemed a distance of several miles. His last clear impression was the picture of a deep rent in the mountain lying before him in the obscurity of fathomless darkness; he felt rather than saw that he was looking into its depths from the verge of a precipice; and he noticed that the shadow of a great tree came between him and the stars. It was here that the mysterious warning of the undefined sense which tells of approaching danger began to make itself felt; and when he recognized its admonition he realized that it had been pressing upon him all along, and that he had been too preoccupied to heed it. Now, however, it refused to be longer ignored, and he felt cold little chills of apprehension creeping over him as he peered around into the shadows of the forest. "What a contemptible coward I am!" he muttered, struggling to brace himself against the unnerving attack, "standing here shivering like a child in a dark room! I don't deserve to be called a man!"

Then he turned to retrace his steps toward Tregarthen; but he had not left the shadow of the tree when two men appeared before him as suddenly and as silently as if they had dropped from the branches over his head.

"Throw up yer hands, dern ye!" commanded the one nearest him, advancing with rifle half raised.

Ringbrand saw his opportunity as distinctly as if its details had been written in letters of fire on the murky background. Though both of the men had guns, neither of them covered him; he had only to draw his revolver and step behind the tree, fighting or parleying from that stronghold as the urgency of the case demanded. It was all simple enough, and his mind was clear to direct; but alas! his palsied limbs refused to obey, and almost before he knew what he was doing he was standing with uplifted hands, his teeth chattering and his knees shaking in a pitiable agony of fear.

The captors gave him no time to protest. "You go on ahead," said the one who had spoken, addressing his companion. "Now, then, fall in, Mr. Spy, jest thar behind him, an' don't you new look cross-eyed, jes' yer hankerin' to get a bullet 'tho' yer hair!" March!

Ringbrand did as he was told, following the shadowy outline of his guide, who turned to the left into the forest. As they stumbled along in the darkness, he knew that a brave man would have yet turned defeat into victory; they had not yet disarmed him, and he saw how easy it would be to make the chances of a struggle at least equal by shooting the man in front. The thought returned again and again with urgent insistence, but he could not bring himself to the point of action; and the opportunity vanished when the file-leader stopped at the bottom of a small sink-hole in the plateau, and, turning upon him suddenly, pinioned his arms to his side with a few turns of a rope.

"What are you trying to do with me, anyway?" he demanded, while they were pushing him forward to a spot of blackness appearing like the mouth of a well between two boulders.

"Jest you wait a minute, an' you'll see; we don't 'low to have no revenue a-spyin' round this yere mountain."

"But I'm no revenue officer; you should know that if you know anything at all about me."

"That's as how it may be; we don't 'low to take no chances, now. Now, then, down you go."

Ringbrand bit his tongue to keep from crying out as they thrust him forward into the black hole between the rocks; there was a horrible sensation of falling into measureless depths, ending in a sharp jerk of the rope around

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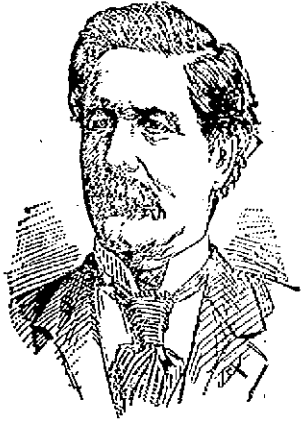
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PLOW FOR POWERS

Former Governor Will Succeed
Boutelle in Congress

Other News of Interest From Various
Parts of New England States.

Bangor, Me., March 1.—The Republicans of the Fourth congressional district in convention yesterday nominated Jewell Powers of Bangor as representative in congress, to succeed Charles A. Boutelle. There were four other candidates beside Mr. Powers, Messrs. Guernsey of Dover, Hall of Bangor, Rogers of Orono and Hall of Bangor. The latter's name was not presented before the convention.



JEWELL POWERS.

The vote resulted as follows on the first ballot: Whole number cast, 431; necessary for a choice, 216; Jewell Powers had 316; Frank S. Guernsey, 43; Allen E. Rogers, 31; Joseph E. Hall, 28; scattering, 10.

Ex-Governor Powers addressed the convention briefly and thanked the party for the honor conferred upon him. Resolutions were unanimously adopted in recognition of the faithful service of Charles A. Boutelle, who represented the district in congress for more than 20 years.

No Curtailment or Wage Reduction

Fall River, Mass., March 1.—As indicative of the opposition which has developed against the contemplated reduction of wages or the plan of curtailment of production, the directors of both the Slade and Westlake mills have announced that they would not under present conditions favor either proposition as far as it affects their mills. Other mills have made a similar announcement in regard to curtailment and state that they have not considered the matter of cutting wages.

Engineer Killed by Cars

Norwood, Mass., March 1.—The body of Henry Merrill, one of the oldest engineers in point of service in on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, was found on the railroad tracks late last night. The skull was fractured, neck broken, and the chest crushed in, as if he had been struck by a car.

Is Going to Washington

Concord, N. H., March 1.—William H. Topping, assistant clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives, tendered his resignation yesterday, and it was accepted. Topping is also clerk of the committee on pensions of the national house of representatives and his presence is required at Washington.

Train Had a Bad Time

Norwich, Conn., March 1.—A freight train on the Central Vermont road was derailed at State line yesterday, the engine, four cars and the caboose leaving the track and going over an embankment. All the train hands escaped uninjured. A broken rail was the cause of the accident.

Three Firemen in Hospital

Boston, March 1.—During a small fire last night Captain Shallow and Privates Casey and Sweeney of the fire department were thrown to the ground by the breaking of a ladder. Captain Shallow had both ankles broken, and the other men were badly bruised. All were sent to a hospital.

Portland Girl Missing

Boston, March 1.—Albert T. Marsh of Portland, Me., is in Boston looking for his daughter, Ethel M. Marsh. The girl had visited this city before, and told her parents she had some good friends here. Who these friends were she never cared to tell. She left home over a week ago.

Against Division of Bishopric
Boston, March 1.—The committee appointed to consider some methods of relief for the bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts, after thoroughly canvassing all details, has voted, by a large majority, not to recommend a division. It has voted in favor of a bishop coadjutor.

Mrs. Lane's End Is Near

Springfield, Mass., March 1.—Mrs. Mary Lane, who was shot by John D. Cassels in Longmeadow Tuesday, because she refused to elope with him, is slowly sinking. Cassels remains in jail. He makes no effort to obtain counsel and appears morose and gloomy.

Rather Young to Be Left Alone

New Haven, March 1.—Eddie Brenner, aged 3, was fatally burned at his home. He had been left alone in the house while his mother went out shopping, and it is supposed that he played with matches, and set his clothing on fire.

Poor Straight For Sherman

Boston, March 1.—By defeating W. H. Stoff last night in the championship pool tournament, Frank Sherman of Washington now has four straight victories to his credit. Last night's score was 150 to 73.

Woman Fatally Burned

Rutland, Vt., March 1.—Mrs. Margaret B. Simmons of this city died yesterday, as the result of burns. Her clothing caught fire while she was trying to put out a blaze in a shed at her home. Her son Albert, aged 3, tried to help her in extinguishing the flames, and was also fatally injured. The lad will recover.

GUARDS WITH SHOTGUNS

Watch Convicts in Jail Yard With
Fire Ranges in Nebraska Penitentiary

Lincoln, Neb., March 1.—A fire is raging in one of the buildings of the state penitentiary, three miles south of this city.

Warden Davis has asked for assistance and the Lincoln fire department with a steamer and men are on the way out.

The fire is in the main building, and is burning furiously. All the convicts have been taken from their cells, and marched together to the prison yard.

Extra guards with shotguns have been placed on the walls to prevent any attempt at escape.

Alleged Woman's Poor Defense

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 28.—Fred Rust was held for the grand jury in the sum of \$500 yesterday on the charge of larceny, it being alleged that he married Ella S. Howard in March, 1898, and in December, 1899, he again married Margaret Cochran. The complaint is brought by the latter woman. Rust claims that his marriage to Miss Howard was illegal, as she was only 15 years of age at the time, and that he married her under the name of Fred, when his name is Freddie. Records show that Miss Howard gave her age as 17.

Were Driving on the Tracks

Lexington, Mass., Feb. 28.—J. B. Butcher and Howard Dabynpale were returning home in a wagon late at night when they saw an electric car coming towards them. Butcher, who was driving on the tracks, tried to get his team out of the way, but was unsuccessful. The car threw the team off the track. Butcher fell on his head and was instantly killed, while Dabynpale was badly injured. Motorist Rycroft was arrested, but was later released.

Pistol and Poison Used

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 28.—Infuriated because she refused to elope with him, John D. Cassels of this city shot and fatally wounded Mrs. Mary Lane at her boarding place at Longmeadow last night, and then drank carbolic acid. Cassels is about 37 years old, and has a wife and four children, who went to England some time ago for a visit. Mrs. Lane, who is 27 years old, is the wife of Edward A. Lane, and the mother of three children. Cassels will recover, but it is thought that Mrs. Lane will die.

O'Connell in Mayor's Chair

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 28.—Philip J. O'Connell was inaugurated mayor of the city of Worcester last night. City Clerk Towne declared the result of the election, the oath of office was administered by ex-Mayor Dodge, Mr. Griffin offered prayer, and Mayor O'Connell made a short inaugural address. He laid special emphasis on the necessity of consistent economy in all things, and declared against borrowing to meet the ordinary current expenses.

Tully Seeks Vindication

Boston, Feb. 28.—A suit at law, growing out of the hearing at the state house on sensational charges against the Boston board of police is probable, as Michael Tully of Charlestown, a barber, yesterday filed a writ of attachment against ex-inspector Cogan. Cogan made reference to Tully in his assertion respecting the illegal conspiracy between members of the police force and the thieves who looted the Brighton bank.

Shooting Not Intentional

Dover, N. H., Feb. 28.—The trial of Frank Ballard, the 15-year-old lad accused of the murder of Mrs. Josephine Jennings at her home in Lee Hook, by shooting, was brought to a sudden ending, when, upon motion of County Solicitor Scott, the case was postponed, and the prisoner was discharged from custody, the prosecution having failed to maintain its case.

Suicide of Mill Superintendent

Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 28.—George E. Owen, superintendent of the Lower Falls mills, committed suicide yesterday at his home by shooting. Mystery surrounds the suicide, but all health is ascribed as the cause, as Owen left a letter saying that he was tired of living, and asking his family to forgive him. He was 61 years old.

A Mine Horror

Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 27.—A disastrous fire in the Diamondville coal mine No. 1 Monday evening was attended with serious loss of life and great destruction of property. There were 37 miners entombed, and all perished but John Anderson, who was working near the mouth of the level.

Convent Burned to the Ground

East Douglas, Mass., Feb. 28.—A private convent in Manchester, carried on by Mary P. Chapman, was burned to the ground last night, and most of the furniture was also destroyed. The explosion of a lamp started the blaze. There was no available apparatus with which to fight the fire.

Mrs. Fairbanks D. A. R. President

Washington, Feb. 28.—Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of Senator Fairbanks, was elected president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The count showed: Mrs. Fairbanks, 333 votes; Mrs. Donald McLean, 290; Mrs. Washington Roehling, 42.

Wages For Five Hundred

Wich, Conn., Feb. 28.—Notice was posted in all departments of the Shetucket Cotton Mills company of Greenville yesterday of a 10 percent reduction in the wages after March 4. The reason given is the low market price of the goods. About 500 are affected.

Hayes Held in \$1500

Northampton, Mass., Feb. 28.—William Hayes, aged 40, was held for the grand jury here yesterday in \$1500 bail for criminal assault, alleged to have been committed five years ago on Delia Le Grant, who was then 6 years old.

Corroding Ejectment From Cars

Boston, March 1.—The full bench of the supreme court, in an opinion rendered in the case of Levi Hudson, administrator of Joseph P. Pope, vs. the Lynn and Boston Railroad company, sustains exceptions of the plaintiff, and finds that if persons are ejected from cars they must be ejected in a reasonable and humane manner.

A BANK MUDDLE

Original Case Against Foster
Stricken From Docket

Held on a New Charge and Bail
Increased to \$25,000

Boston, March 1.—Before Commissioner Fiske, yesterday, George M. Foster, former cashier of the South Danvers National bank of Peabody, who was arrested on Feb. 8, charged with having embezzled \$3000 from the funds of the bank, appeared for continuance. The government was not ready to proceed with the case, and, with the consent of Mr. Anderson, who represents the defendant, another continuance was granted until March 14.

With the continued arraignment of Foster a new move in the case was made by Mr. Casey, the prosecuting officer. He asked the commissioner to dismiss the case on which Foster was originally arrested, that of embezzlement, and then he was arraigned on the same warrant on which John W. Dickinson was arrested on Feb. 13. On this warrant Foster is charged with misapplication of \$21,000 of the bank's funds, and Dickinson is accused of aiding and abetting Foster in the misapplication.

Foster's bail in the first case was only \$10,000, and since his arrest he has been confined in jail, through his inability to secure bail. With the dismissal of the first complaint, Foster's bail is increased to \$25,000 on the new charge, being the same amount under which Dickinson is held, and which he secured.

Mr. Casey informed the United States commissioner that it is his desire to have Foster and Dickinson tried together, and he stated that when Dickinson's case is again called he will ask for another continuance of the Dickinson matter until the date for which Foster is held for trial.

In reply to a question of Commissioner Fiske, Mr. Anderson said that his client was not ready to furnish bail, and Foster was recommitted to jail.

Assistant District Attorney Casey is still hard at work on the case, and it is still likely that an additional arrest or two will be made before the matter actually comes to trial. At the Federal building it is generally understood that at least one or more of the bank's directors will be taken into custody before the matter is finally settled.

It is learned that the government will eventually try to show that Dickinson is indebted to the bank for loans amounting to \$163,000, and that the bank is supposed to hold valuable securities for the same, which, however, are alleged in many cases to be without securities. It is also interesting to note that although the capital of the bank was \$150,000 that something like \$500,000 in loans were outstanding when the bank collapsed. The question that is now being asked is: "If Dickinson is accused of being indebted to the bank in loans amounting to only \$163,000 what has become of the remaining \$337,000?"

When Mr. Casey was asked relative to that matter he refused to discuss it and said that future developments might explain things. With these large figures in mind it is interesting to note that the bank had a surplus of only \$85,000.

Persons interested in the case say that when the matter has gone to trial many sensational developments will be brought out.

The Latest Telephone Finding

Boston, Feb. 28.—Judge Brown of the United States circuit court has held that the celebrated Bell telephone patent, on which the monopoly of the American Bell Telephone company rests, is invalid. The decision is a serious blow to the gigantic corporation, and a great victory for the small, independent companies which have been vigorously fighting it. The supreme court of the United States will eventually determine the question at issue on an appeal from Judge Brown's decision.

Accused of Manslaughter

Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 28.—Louis J. Shaw, who has been on trial in the superior court here the past three days for manslaughter, in causing the death of Frank Conway last January at South Carver, by shooting, was found not guilty by the jurors. The defendant testified yesterday that he shot Conway in defense of his wife and family, and because he thought Conway was going to do him bodily harm.

The Greatest of Trusts

New York, Feb. 27.—J. C. Morgan authorizes the statement that the capital issue of the new United States Steel corporation will be \$300,000,000 bonds, \$100,000,000 of preferred stock and \$100,000,000 common stock. Mr. Morgan said that no further statement was likely to be forthcoming regarding the terms of the consolidation until the circular inviting subscriptions was issued.

Another Carrie Nation

Rockland, Me., Feb. 27.—A horse owned by T. H. Donahue ran away yesterday, and after freeing itself from the sleigh, jumped headlong through a large plate glass window in a drug store. After smashing a soda fountain the animal jumped over the counter onto the floor of the store. The horse was slightly cut by glass, and has been named Carrie Nation by the owner.

Mason Had Short Term at Boston

Boston, Feb. 28.—Chinese Inspector John H. Mason, recently assigned to Boston, has been relieved from duty at this station and directed to proceed to Eagle Pass, Tex., where he will report to the collector of customs for assignment to duty. Inspector Anderson has been recalled from Montreal to assist in an important investigation at this station.

Popular With His Neighbors

South Berwick, Me., Feb. 27.—About 500 friends of Edwin H. Knight gathered in the Christian church last evening, and presented him with a purse of \$100, to assist in defraying the expenses incurred during his recent trial on the charge of murder. Speeches were made by Rev. Zeblun Knight and others.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

The Old Orchard (Me.) water works and the Old Orchard electric light plant have passed into the hands of George F. Haley. The purchase of these two plants involves nearly \$200,000.

The body of George Fisk, 25, single, a farm laborer, was found hanging from a beam in the barn of Samuel P. Parsons at Ludlow, Mass.

The case against the city of Northampton, Mass., to recover \$1000 for causing the death of Edward Hakeman by a tree on one of the streets falling on him during a violent gale, has been withdrawn. The city is to pay \$100 in settlement of the claim.

As the result of being impaled upon a pitchfork handle in a fall from a hayrack, John Morton, aged 23 years, died at the home of his parents at China, Me.

Nathaniel Holmes, formerly of the Harvard law school, died in Cambridge, Mass., aged 86. He was born in Peterboro, N. H., in 1814. Judge Holmes was best known to the general public through his book entitled: "The Authorship of Shakespeare."

Mrs. Appia Putnam Williams, widow of the late ex-Governor Joseph H. Williams, died at Augusta, Me., aged 80.

Rev. Charles R. Bliss, 78, formerly engaged in educational work in Utah, died at Lenox, Mass.

John H. Loven, a shoemaker, 40 years old, was asphyxiated by gas at Lynn, Mass. It is believed to be a case of suicide.

William Gardner, aged 20 years, committed suicide at North Adams, Mass., by taking pills.

The Prohibitionists of Portland, Me., have filed nomination papers for Daniel P. Parker as candidate for mayor, to fill the vacancy caused by the declination of Rev. Mr. McAllister.

Alcoholism caused the death in a cell at Quincy, Mass., of Michael J. Lynch, aged 35, who had been arrested on the charge of drunkenness.

Rev. Warren C. Beaman, 88, died at Amherst, Mass. He was born at Wendell, Mass., and graduated from Amherst college in 1837. In 1810 he was installed as pastor of the Congregational church at North Hadley, where he remained for 23 years.

Charles W. Merrill aged 52, for nearly 20 years keeper of the Ipswich, Mass., house of correction, died at that institution of pneumonia.

Rev. John M. O'Garra, 35, school visitor for the Catholic diocese of Springfield, Mass., is dead. He was a native of Ottawa, and was son of the late Judge O'Garra of the Dominion supreme court.

The act passed by the New Hampshire legislature substituting a one branch city government for Somersworth, to be composed of the mayor and 10 members, to be called a council, has gone into effect.

Owing to violations of the law recently Superintendent of Police Davis has ordered that all minors be refused admittance to pool rooms at Lowell, Mass. Warrants will be issued against six proprietors.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Hay—Prime, \$18@18.50; extra, \$10.50 @17.50; fair to good, \$15.50@16; clover mixed, \$14@14.50.

Straw—Rye, prime, \$10@11; cut, \$9 @9.50.

Butter—Creamery, Vermont and New Hampshire, extra, 24c; New York, extra, 23½@24c; western, extra, 23½@24½c; firsts, 22c; June, extra, 21c; dairy, extra, 19½@20c; inflation creamery, extra, 15c; ladle, 11c; box and print creamery, extra, 21½@22c; dairy, 22c.

Cheese—New York and Vermont choice twins, 11½@12c; firsts, 10½@11½c; seconds, 9½@10c; western twins extra, 11½@12c; fair to good, 10½@10½c; Vermont twins, extra, 11½@12c; firsts, 10½ @11c; seconds, 9½@10c; Ohio flat, extra, 10½@11c; sage, 12½c.

Eggs—Salmon and Cape fancy, 22 @23c; eastern, choice fresh, 18c; Vermont and New Hampshire, choice fresh, 18c; fair to good, 16½@17c; western fancy, 17c; fair to good, 16c; western choice, 16½@17c; refrigerator, 16½@17c; southern, fair to good, 16½@17c.

Meats—Beef, choice, 80¢@81c; good, 7½ @78c; hindquarters, choice, 10½@10½c; common to good, 9½@10c; forequarters, choice, 6½@7c; common to good, 5½@6c; veal, choice, 10c; fair to good, 8½@9c; common, 6½@7c; mutton, extra, 6½@7c; common to good, 4½@5c; lamb, choice, 10c; common to good, 7½@8c; yearlings, 4½@7c.

Poultry—Turkeys, choice eastern, 11 @12c; fair to good, 9½@10c; western, 12 @12½c; chickens, spring extra, 14½@15c; fair to good, 13½@14c; western, extra, 11c; fowls, eastern, 11½@12c; western, 10½@11c.

Vegetables—Potatoes, Green mountain extra, 18½@19c; rose and Hebron, 6½@6½c; white, 5½@5½c; sweet, \$1.50 @1.75; blb; onions, yellow, 25¢@30¢ blb; western, \$2.25@3 blb; squash, turban, \$1.25@1.50; Hubbard, \$25 ton.

Fruits—Apples, King, \$2.50@3 blb; Baldwin, \$2.25@2.50; greenings, \$1.75 @2.25; Hubbardston, \$2.25@2.50; cranberries, Cape Cod, choice dark, 88¢ blb; medium, 86¢; grapes, Catawba, 11c.

Patrick Charged With Murder

New York, Feb. 28.—On affidavits made by Charles F. Jones, former valet and secretary to William M. Rice, the millionaire, who died last September, and by Rudolph Wilhams, the chemist, a charge of murder in the first degree was made yesterday against Albert T. Patrick, who was Rice's lawyer.

Hermil Burned to Death

New Boston, Mass., Feb. 28.—Information from Tolland states that a hermit, name unknown, was burned to death in his cabin last night. The hermit was a German by birth. The local authorities have gone to the place to investigate.

College For Men Only

Waterville, Me., Feb. 28.—The members of the Colby alumni in this city are circulating petitions asking that after the year 1905 no more women shall be graduated from the college. This is in line with the suggestion made at a meeting of the Boston alumni.

He Was Loveless

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 28.—John J. Pepper, 24, of New Braintree, committed suicide yesterday by firing four bullets into his chest. Disappointed in love and failure to secure steady employment caused him to become despondent.

Industrial Trust Co.,

Capital - - - - - \$1,200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 671,112.39

Newport Office, 303 Thames Street.

This company receives deposits subject to check at sight, and Pays interest upon daily balances of \$300 and over.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

For sums of money that are to remain for a considerable length of time, Certificates of Deposit will be issued with interest as agreed upon.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Moneys received on this account, which combines the advantages of Savings Banks, with Additional Security of the Capital Stock of this company. Quarters commence the 15th days of February, May, August and November. Deposits on or before the 15th of those months draw interest from the first. Dividends payable Feb. 16 and Aug. 16.

The Company has the largest capital of any banking institution in Rhode Island—20 per cent. of which is under the provisions of its charter deposited in approved securities with the State Treasurer.

Board of Managers.

FREDERICK TOMPKINS, Chairman,
THOMAS DUNN,
HENRY A. C. TAYLOR,
THOMAS P. PERKHAM, Manager,
H. AUDLEY CLARKE,
THEODORE K. GIBBS,
ANGUS McLEOD,
JEREMIAH W. HORTON,
GEORGE R. CHASE.

A MONEY-SAVING MONTH.

All short lines of Men's Suits have been greatly reduced in prices for immediate sale. Some slow-selling lots are included in this cut.

The values thus presented are exceptional for clothing of this quality.

\$7.50 SUITS reduced to \$5.00.
\$8.00 SUITS reduced to \$5.50.
\$9.00 SUITS reduced to \$5.50.
\$10.00 SUITS reduced to \$5.50.
\$18.00 RAGLANS reduced to \$12.00.
\$10.00 OVERCOATS reduced to \$5.50.

Newport One Price
Clothing Co.

SPECIAL NOTICE.



As we desire to close out the balance of our

FINE TRIMMED HATS

TO MAKE ROOM FOR
SPRING GOODS,

We are offering

Extraordinary Bargains.

None should miss this opportunity. These goods are made of good material and will be sold regardless of loss.

CALL AND SECURE A

GENUINE BARGAIN, AT THE

QUEEN ANNE

Millinery Establishment,
16 THAMES STREET.

Newport and Fall River St. Ry. Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with
Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Alpha Home Pudding,

THE LATEST THING OUT.

Scotch Oats, fresh

Smalley Fruit Jars,

NEW DESIGNS.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Literary Notes.

The Century.

Fiction readers will turn first, in the March Century, to the opening pages of a new story by Irving Bacheller, author of the record-breaking "Eben Holden." The title is "D'ni and I," the general theme is American border life at the time of the War of 1812, and the leading characters are Col. Raymond Bell, U. S. A., Southerner, and D'ni, a typical Yankee. Concluding his Webster series, Prof. McMaster considers this month his experience as a leader of the opposition in Congress. It will surprise most readers of "The Century" to learn that the flight of the Empress Dowager from Peking did not occur till the city was actually in the hands of the "foreign devils." It was on August 15 that she, with the Empress, Empress, and their attendants, set forth, each in a separate car, towards T'ai-yuan-fu. Luella Miner, an American missionary, who describes this begonia, has drawn her information from a hitherto unpublished account written by a Chinese gentleman of high standing whose authority is unimpeachable. As a comparative paper to this may be taken Bishop Porter's "Impressions of Japan," the third of his series on the East of "Today and Tomorrow." This is quite as inclusive and suggestive as the article on China and the Philippines, which preceded it. Angeline Birrell's "Down the Rhine," with Castagnier's pictures, which is resented this month, covers the stream from Worms to Coblenz, and includes Bishop Hatto's famous Mouse Tower, which, it seems, never had anything to do with mice—nor even rats. Less light in theme is Waldon Fay's account of the iron-mining industry in this country, which has had so portentous a growth in late years. The opening article is on "Shopping in New York," the personal experiences recorded being chiefly those of the writer, Lillie Hamilton French; Henry Hunt supplies a running pictorial commentary on the text. Jonas Standing gives a second installment of his account of the search for Andree in Siberia, George Henschel contributes some interesting reminiscences of Brahms, and, besides the serials by Miss Bunick and Hamlin Garland, there are short stories by Flora Annie Steele, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Olive Huck, Elliott Flower, and Charles Battell Loomis. The frontispiece is a portrait of Austin Dobson, by J. W. Alexander, facing a poetic address to Dobson by F. B. F.

The March Atlantic.

The March Atlantic contains a remarkable paper upon Mr. McKinley as President, by Henry B. Macfarland, the famous Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, which will attract the widest attention and discussion by the directness of its language, its brushing away of popular delusions, and its sharp-cut analysis of Mr. McKinley's record, leading up to its conclusion that "it was fortunate for the republic that he was at its head in the closing years of the nineteenth century." Editorially, the Atlantic calls vigorously upon the administration to give the country the facts about the Philippines, and no longer disguise what is going on there. Woodrow Wilson discusses under Democracy and Efficiency the prevailing world-wide reaction against Democracy—the question whether it is after all the best government, and whether it contains the necessary powers and endurance for the present world-wide competition of nations. W. B. Du Bois treats of The Freedmen's Bureau, its rise and history, the good it accomplished, the opportunities that were used or lost, and the legacy it has left us. J. B. Thayer sketches the life and character of John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, whose centennial has just passed. W. C. Dreher in a letter from Germany sums up the history and accomplishments of that nation during the closing year of the century. J. W. Root treats of British Confederation, showing the methods of British Colonial management, their success, and how they succeeded when colonies were left to work out their own destiny. G. S. Hellman writes entertainingly of Animals in Literature; and Wm. Motion Payne reviews "Three Centuries of American Literature" in a notable resume. Mrs. Wiggins's Penelope's Irish Experiences and Miss Jewell's "The Troy Lover" continue with increased interest. G. B. Loomis supplies delightful directions as to how to write a novel for the masses; Don L. Hastings and others contribute entertaining stories and sketches. Edith Thomas, R. U. Johnson, and William P. Foster present attractive poems; a brilliant Contributors' Club and an appropriate tribute to Queen Victoria close a number of unusual excellence.

Outing Magazine.

Outing for March is a winter number and draws upon three continents for its seasonable sports. "Winter in His City Home," by Leon Vandervort, is Quebec in high revelry sleighing, snow shoeing and tobogganing and is fully illustrated. "Norway's National Sport" by Tim W. Schneider, a citizen of Christiania, shows a remarkable series of photographs of this great sport, taken especially for Outing. "Carrying the Mail Over the Andes on Skis," by Johannes Iloff Wisby, is a story of peril and adventure in the mountains of South America. "European Figure Skating," by George Wood (of Oxford) takes the reader to the Swiss Alps, where the experts meet in competition; and "Birds at Short Range," by Leander S. Keyser is the record of what a thoughtful naturalist learned who fed the wild birds through the snowy season. Winter of a more genial kind afforded "Louisiana Bayou and Marsh Shooting," by Alexander Kidd; "Goose Shooting on the Gulf Coast," by B. Hough; and "Diving for Turtles Off the Florida Keys," by Charles F. Holder. Sportsmen will be edified by Vice President Elect Theodore Roosevelt's "The Need of Trained Observation," which gives practical advice on what to see and how to see it when affixed. "The Hunting Leys and of India," by Charles E. Clay, tells of his capture, training and hunting. "The Caribon and Its Home," by Andrew J. Stone, covers the whole range of this valuable deer and "Where Pine Trees Grow," by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., is the first of a series of special studies, which will run through the year, covering the territory from Pennsylvania to the Dakotas. "Anglers with Instructions," by John Harrington Keene. Everybody will be interested in "The Beginning of Card Games," by N. O. Messenger; and "The Old and New in Pugin," by Prof. Alf Arnth, illustrated from old prints showing the comparative attitudes of pugilists of the 15th, 19th and 20 centuries. "Three Dynas-

ties on Tiger Tail" is a little, unknown chapter of Florida's history. "Indian Dances of the Southwest," by W. R. Draper, is a study of the one time famous Ghost Dance—fully illustrated. "Forest Fables," by Abolus Coll, is the first of a series of quaint and singular and daintily told myths of the woods. Late-scholastic football is fully reviewed and illustrated.

The World's Work.

The World's Work for March touches every continent, has something new to say on practically every general topic of interest, sketches the men who are doing some of the great things, in fact, retells everything that the world has done well during the past month. The magazine lives up to its name in its variety, and then vivifies the workaday world with keen, progressive, American spirit. The list of contents is so long to be entirely detailed, but some of the most important articles are, "The Rule of the English-Speaking Folk" (the race that rules over every continent but one) as viewed at the close of the Victorian era; a strikingly fine story of the work of old St. George's Parish, New York, by Mr. Jacob Rills; General DuWet, Alfred Harnswater and the late Philip Armour; two articles on the necessity of honesty in politics and business (the last policy) and an optimistic belief in the world's growing frankness and truth; an answer to "Can I Make a Farm Pay?" which is as interesting as it is authoritative; handsomely illustrated articles on the beautifying of railway stations, another with the improvement of our National Capital. There are many short concise papers, one touching the reasons for the present cry of "Wake Up, England," another, Dr. Pupin's new 3,000 mile telephone, a sketch of the homestead law and its results, and a collection of incidents connected with presidential inaugurations in the past. Besides all these are the usual departmental articles in clear, incisive style, and meant for the busy man and woman. The illustrations of this magazine are remarkable. Indeed, the entire mechanical product is fine,—a good setting for its text.

The St. Nicholas.

"The Balloonist" is the hero of Cleveland Moffet's third paper on "Careers of Danger and Darling," which appears in the March number of St. Nicholas. Strange to say, the life of the man who trusts himself to the tender mercies of the air does not impress the reader as more hazardous than that of the diver or the steeple-climber, as previously described by the same picturesque writer. Mrs. Josephine Peary, who has accompanied her husband on several of his Arctic expeditions, in an illustrated article entitled "Abnigilla," tells of the infancy and early childhood of her own daughter, Marie, who was born within the Arctic Circle, and revisited her birthplace on Lieut. Peary's voyage after the monster meteorite he had discovered on an earlier trip. Capt. Charles D. Rhodes, U. S. A., tells "How Armies Talk to Each Other" with flags, heliographs, and flash-lanterns. "The Pets of Noted People," written by Bury Irwin Dainton, are mainly the pets of literary folk, such as the dogs of Whittier and Aldrich and the extraordinary menagerie of Byron. Besides his serial, "The Story of Bunaby Lee," John Bennett has a jingle, "The Snake-Charmer's Tune," with a humorous illustration by himself, and there is a "Sewing Song," by Laura E. Richards. The frontispiece, drawn by J. M. Gleeson, is entitled "The Domain of the Lioness"; and there is a quartette of humorous pictures by E. W. Kemble, portraying "The Young 'Rough Rider,'" Nature and science, the St. Nicholas League, the Letter-Box, and the Riddle-Box are bountifully supplied with illustrations.

Most timely in its publication is "The Private Life of King Edward VII," by a member of the Royal Household who has had abundant opportunity of gathering authentic information. Naturally the text concerns itself with the King's life as Prince of Wales. It tells of his education at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge, his travels in America, on the Continent, and in India, his wide acquaintance with men and institutions, his daily life at Sandringham and Marlborough House, his relations to the Church and to art, his patronage of the turf, and all the varied phases of his career. While the book presents the King as a man of the world, this intimate study shows that incidents of his early years have led to much exaggeration. The book emphasizes the King's tact, discretion, judgment, and wide knowledge, and places him before the reader in a way which a more formal biography might fail to do.

Literature of Nature-Study for children will receive a small but valuable addition in "The Woodpeckers," by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, which will be published from the Riverside Press in March. The author has taken up a single group of birds represented in all parts of the country, and has given a lively yet accurate account of them. The book contains much interesting information, but the author's chief aim has been rather to stimulate observation and study, and she has presented her subject in a manner admirably fitted to attain this end. The book will contain five color plates by Mr. Louis Agassiz Forster, and a number text drawings.

The imperative demands of commerce and its iconoclastic spirit are rapidly obliterating the old landmarks of New York, and had it not been for the worthy efforts of various patriotic societies, many of the historic spots of old Manhattan would have been obliterated and left unmarked. In his landmark History of New York, Mr. Ullman conducts a party of inquisitive young people through the city, visiting all places that have historic interest, and examining the many commemorative tablets with appropriate inscriptions that have fortunately been erected at various points. To make clear the full significance of these tablet-marked sites, the author weaves around these reminders of the city's early days some very interesting and graphic stories, not only of important events but of the characteristics and careers of these individuals that have figured prominently in the development, from a little Dutch town, of our metropolis. It is a book that the old New Yorker as well as the young New Yorker will read with profit and enjoyment. The value of the book is much enhanced by the addition of a comprehensive bibliography, list of references, and explanation of the origins of street names.

China, by General J. H. Wilson, who has just returned from a second visit, this time on active military service, will present in its rewritten and enlarged form not only a comprehen-

sive picture of the civilization and possibilities of the Chinese Empire, but also an account of the Boxer war, the relief of the legations, and the re-establishment of peace. This new edition, which has been reset throughout, includes the latest phases of the subject. The practical and discriminating character of the author's study of China will be peculiarly appreciated at this time. The new volume, which will be published immediately by D. Appleton and Company, will be indispensable to any one who wishes an authoritative account of the China of today.

The third volume of "Letters to Washington," edited by Mr. Stanislaus Murray Hamilton and published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. under the auspices of the Colonial Dames of America, will embrace the years 1758 to 1770. The letters are from Lord Fairfax, Col. Bouquet, Speaker Robinson, George Mason, and others, and throw much light on Washington in his business relations, his marriage and life at Mount Vernon, the education of his stepson, and his character as a foster-father. These volumes are virtually indispensable to students of American history, and so much of life and romance is often interwoven with the historical narrative that the letters cannot fail to interest the general reader.

Mr. C. C. Hotchkiss has taken the origin of our flag as the basis of his new romance, Betsy Ross, in which the picturesque figures of the time—seafarers and Quakers, red-coats and Continental soldiers, and even Washington himself—have to do with the development of a strange and thrilling story wherein Betsy Ross takes the leading part. The ancient tavern, the home of the Philadelphia merchant, the bagmaker's little shop, and the quaint and charming life of the time, are shown as the background of a series of dramatic incidents. This fine romance, which is the first that the author of "In Defense of the King," has published for some years will be issued shortly by D. Appleton and Company.

The Fourth Edition of A Dictionary of American Authors, by Oscar Ray Adams, is announced for publication the latter part of February. Since its publication some years ago the book has continuously grown in favor, and will now, no doubt, more than ever commend itself to editors, teachers, librarians, and all who wish to know about American authors. The volume contains more than the third edition, and 1500 more than the first. The information afforded comprises brief statements of the life, services, and writings of each of the authors named.

A realistic study of life in a New England factory village and a faithful portrayal of the trials of an inventor's life have been made by Jonnetto Lee in "A Pillar of Salt," announced for publication late in February, by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The author is the wife of Gerald Stanley Lee. An opposing wife and a rascally employer greatly entangle the plot and between them bring out the sweet, sane strength of the inventor's nature, which at last triumphs over all obstacles.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews, by Lyman Abbott, D. D., will be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company late in February. His book is a study of the Old Testament from a critical, in which he lays aside the reverent mist of inspiration and, in an analysis of ancient Hebrew life and literature, shows the message of Israel to the world, as well as demonstrates the richer spiritual results arising from a true higher criticism.

D. Appleton and Company announce that they are preparing an edition of Pere Didon's famous Life of Jesus Christ, to be sold through the regular trade at five dollars for the two volumes. It has been hitherto sold only by subscription.

Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, whose new book, Pleasures of the Telescope, is to be published shortly by the Appletons, is giving a very successful course of illustrated lectures in Boston, on his travels in Europe.

The Hanna Delusion.

Nothing illustrates the popular misunderstanding of President McKinley more than the astounding delusion, entertained by some Republicans as well as many Democrats who do not know him, that he is, and has been ever since 1885, more or less under the influence of Senator Hanna, says Henry B. F. Macfarland in the March Atlantic. This sums up, in a way that is as un-just as it is picturesque, all the notions to the effect that Mr. McKinley is a yielding and unstable person, without convictions, or even opinions, that cannot be changed at the command of a stronger man. Newspaper cartoons, which now have more influence than newspaper editorials, are largely responsible for these strange beliefs, but they have been fostered by uninformed editors and politicians misled by deceptive appearances and malice. It is interesting to see how ignorance alone misleads writers who are friendly to him about President McKinley, as when they speak of him as "stolid and solemn" because they have only seen his manner in public, when the fact is that Mr. McKinley is a man of humor, who enjoys even the cartoons at his own expense, and is as fond of good jokes, and as apt at telling them, as Abraham Lincoln. Remembering the fate of public men who have done otherwise, Mr. McKinley has kept his wit and humor for private conversation, and thus, naturally enough, has been accused of having none. These writers would probably be unwilling to believe that Mr. McKinley was a constant reader of "Mr. Dooley" during the Spanish War, just as Mr. Lincoln found recreation in the humorists of the Civil War. In both cases this was important, because it helped to keep them sane and sweet-tempered under the most trying experiences.

It is estimated that from \$50,000,000 to \$200,000,000 worth of property is every year destroyed by fire all over the world.

There are 1,000,000 lambs in Peru. The skin weighs six pounds and is worth 20 shillings.

In Arabia dried locusts strung on threads are exposed as an article of food.

A process for sterilizing the books in a public library has been put in practice.

There are 2,507.00 miles of streets in New York City.

Women's Dep't.

The Reign of Victoria.

It seems but yesterday that I accompanied my father on Sunday afternoon to the Herald office on Ann Street, New York, to verify the rumor that the youthful Princess Victoria had become Queen of England. Yet the sixty-four short years that elapsed since the beautiful picture of this fair young girl appeared in the Albion, have been perhaps the most eventful in the recorded annals of the human race. We are surrounded by new heavens and a new earth. Time and distance have been greatly reduced; art, literature, domestic habits, travel, study, industry, modes of living, methods of production, distribution and expenditure have all been so changed that the venerable mother of the British Empire in her silent tomb is not more unlike the graceful girl of 1838 than is the whole environment of to-day unlike the conditions of that period.

The multiplication of population has been amazing; comforts, conveniences, and luxuries have been increased a hundred fold; Anglo-Saxon manners and institutions have been planted on every continent and in the islands of every sea; an approximation to equality of conditions and of opportunities has been attained. Church, school and State have been liberalized, so that the term "free-thinker" has almost ceased to be a stigma. The world is learning the difference between liberty and license; and every step in progress has opened wider vistas of hope and aspiration to millions of men and women.

Above all, Queen Victoria's long and beneficent reign has been an object lesson in the value of women in politics. No British monarch since Elizabeth has ever reigned so wisely and so well. Her example of womanly purity and public spirit has made the croakings of reactionists ridiculous. Without open opposition or protest, Victoria's great example has lifted the womanhood of the world to a higher level. It remains for the women of America, sovereigns in their own right, to claim and receive from their fellow-citizens their legitimate crown of enfranchisement.—H. B. B.

Mrs. Sheldon's Book on Clay-Stones.

In 1890, Miss J. M. Arms, then assistant pupil of Professor Alpheus Hyatt, wrote, in connection with him, one of a series of "Guides for the Teaching of Science," issued by the Natural History Society of Boston, entitled "Insects."

For twenty years Miss Arms (now Mrs. George Sheldon of Deerfield and Boston) has been modestly and quietly working out the problem of those interesting concretions, the more common forms of which are known to children on the Connecticut river as "clay-stones."

About ten years ago, Miss Arms read before a scientific club in Boston a short paper on this subject, which was later embodied in pamphlet form. A friend, recognizing the value of Miss Arms' work, sent this pamphlet with a representative collection of the concretions from the Connecticut and Deerfield rivers to the late Sir William Dawson, president of McGill College, Montreal, himself an authority on geology and paleontology, holding an honored place among scientists. So impressed was Professor Dawson by the value of Miss Arms' researches that he read her monograph before the Montreal Society of Natural History, and in January, 1901, published it in the Canadian Record of Science.

Encouraged by this appreciation, Miss Arms continued her observations and made an exhaustive study of the subject. The result is now before the public in a printed volume of forty pages, with original illustrations prepared expressly for this work, which has already received recognition from those qualified to speak on the subject.

Mrs. Sheldon's preface is characteristically modest, and she acknowledges with unstinted generosity whatever help she has received in her explorations. Greenfield, the home of her girlhood, should be proud of Mrs. Sheldon's scientific work in this and in other directions.—C. A. B.

Our Young Women.

The Louisville Courier-Journal tells of remarkable nerve, fortified by a rare sense of duty, in a young woman. A large factory was on fire. The flames were burning high above the roof and the firemen had half a dozen streams turned upon the blaze, when Major Hughes, the chief of the fire department, came close to the front wall to see what chance there was of fighting the fire from the inside. Looking through one of the windows of the office, he saw a young woman busy with a lot of books. The Courier-Journal relates what followed thus:

"The veteran fire chief forgot to swear in his astonishment. For a moment he stood astounded, then he looked right into that office."

"What are you doing here?" he stormed.

"Please, sir," began the young woman, evidently much frightened by his tone.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the chief, impatiently.

"Yes, sir," she said. "I'm Miss Brown, the assistant bookkeeper. I don't care to go away and leave my books. I can't get them all out myself, so I just waited for some of you gentlemen to come to help me. She began to tug at a big ledger as she spoke.

"Well, you must get out now," cried the chief.

"Not without the books, when I've waited so long," said Miss Brown.

"You're all right," exclaimed the valiant major. "I'll help you. Take my helmet." And then the assistant bookkeeper and the chief of the fire department carried out the books of the firm from under the blazing walls.

And the young woman did not faint, either, when the books which she had so faithfully guarded had been conveyed to a place of safety.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

100 Drops

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of DR. J. C. HATCHER

Purified Senna •
Licorice •
Rhubarb •
Syrup of Marshmallows •
Syrup of Gum Arabic •
Syrup of Gum Tragacanth •
Syrup of Gum Benzoin •
Syrup of Gum Myrror •
Syrup of Gum Resin •
Syrup of Gum Turpentine •
Syrup of Gum Capivi •
Syrup of Gum Guaiacum •
Syrup of Gum Sassafras •
Syrup of Gum Sweetgum •
Syrup of Gum Wood •
Syrup of Gum Zedoary •
Syrup of Gum Elemi •
Syrup of Gum Boswellia •
Syrup of Gum Labdanum •
Syrup of Gum Olibanum •
Syrup of Gum Styracis •
Syrup of Gum Benzoin •
Syrup of Gum Myrror •
Syrup of Gum Resin •
Syrup of Gum Turpentine •
Syrup of Gum Capivi •
Syrup of Gum Guaiacum •
Syrup of Gum Sassafras •
Syrup of Gum Sweetgum •
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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Marked queries must be accompanied with a return address on one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to—
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, March 2, 1901.

NOTES.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND
DESCENDANTS OF WALTER
COOKE OF WYMOUTH, MASS.

BY H. RUTH COOKE.

Samuel White (NVI) married June 10, 1744, Abigail Adams, who died August 7, 1798. They had—
(XXXVI) Samuel White, born at Mendon, Mass., March 24, 1747, died at Smithfield, R. I., May 12, 1810, married Hannah Aldrich, born February 1754, died October 4, 1809, daughter of Judge Caleb and Mary (Arnold) Aldrich. Caleb was son of Moses Aldrich, the famous Quaker preacher. Mary Arnold was the daughter of Thomas Arnold and Susan Constock.

The children of Samuel and Hannah (Aldrich) White were—

XXXVII. Leah White, born —

XXXVIII. Henrietta White, born —

XXXIX. Lydia White, born —

XL. Margaret White, born —, md. Dexter Aldrich.

XLI. Nancy White, born —, md. James Eddy.

XLII. Cynthia White, born —, md. Ezra Staples.

XLIII. Hannah White, born —, md. Henry Lincoln.

XLIV. Mary White, born —, md. Stephen Brownell.

XLV. Susannah White, born —, md. as his second wife Stephen Brownell.

XLVI. Eunice White, born —

XLVII. Lucy White, born —

XLVIII. Sally White, born —, md. (1) Bennett Low; (2) Thomas Brayton.

Stephen Fish Brownell, aforesaid, born at Smithfield, R. I., March 14, 1822, trustee of Butler Hospital for the Insane for 20 years, for which Nicholas Brown, (Nicholas), James, Rev. James, John, (Chad) gave the sum of thirty thousand dollars, before 1811, towards the erection or endowment of an insane asylum in Rhode Island. The Butler Hospital for the Insane had its origin in this gift.

Nicholas Brown was third cousin to Amey Brown, who married Captain Benoni Cooke (Christopher, Captain Peter, Deacon, Nicholas, Nicholas, Walter) of this record.

Worcester Reg. Probate, Case No. 13,380.

September 21, 1752, Samuel Cooke of Mendon, Mass., appeared as administrator of estate of his father, Samuel Cooke, of Mendon, deceased. "To the humble Joseph Wilder, Esq., Judge of Probate, we certify that the eldest sons of Samuel Cooke, late of Mendon, deceased, do not live in this province, but the widow of the said deceased is grown helpless, with very old age, and that Samuel Cooke is the third son.

May 24, 1752. Samuel Thayer.

Inventory taken December 15, 1752, by William Ransom, Jr., and Samuel Thayer and Thomas Thayer. Homestead, thirty acres, 20 acres in Mendon, on East side Mill river, 5 acres in Mendon, 3 acres in Cumberland, R. I., 3 rights in commons of Mendon. Total, 83 pounds, 5 shillings, 8 pence. Filed May 22, 1753.

The children of Samuel and Lydia (White) Cooke, born in Mendon, Mass., were—

24. Experience Cooke, b. July 5, 1682.

25. Ebenezer Cooke, b. Oct. 28, 1684; md. in Mendon, Mass., Dec. 10, 1720, Hannah Hayward.

26. Lydia Cooke, b. March 14, 1686; another account says b. March 18, 1687.

27. Joseph Cooke, b. —, died before 1752, as seen in administration of his brother's estate; Joseph perhaps married Mary Walling, daughter of James Walling.

28. Hannah Cooke, b. Sept. 29, 1695.

29. Samuel Cooke, b. July 11, 1698.

The estate of this Samuel Cooke was administered on by his brother Walter Cooke, at request of his brother Ebenezer Cooke, of Gloucester County, no Providence, Jan. 14, 1767. The estate divided into six parts and paid equal to.

(1) Ebenezer Cooke, of Gloucester, R. I.

(2) Lydia Cooke, of Gloucester, R. I.

(3) Hannah Cooke, of Gloucester, R. I., who married Mr. Telf.

(4) Heirs of Experience Aldrich, deceased.

(5) Joseph Cooke, his heirs, he deceased.

(6) Walter Cooke, of Mendon, the account.

Worcester Reg. Probate, Case No. 13,382.

"To John Chandler, Esq., Judge of Probate," etc. "Ebenezer Cooke, of Gloucester in the county of Providence, being the oldest brother of Samuel Cooke, late of Mendon, deceased, do Refuse to administer on said Brother Deceased Estate and pray your honor would be so good as to appoint my brother Walter Cooke, of said Mendon, administrator of said Estate. Witness my Hand.

Mendon, Jan. 14, 1767. Ebenezer Cooke.

"Bond of Administration dated Jan. 15, 1767. Walter Cooke, adm'r. Bondsman Joseph Allen, David Daniels, of Mendon, yeoman.

Inventory taken March 13, 1767, by James Sawyer, Nathaniel Verry and Peter Wheelock.

Personal Estate: £147-11-1. Real Estate: Total £5795-10-1.

Account presented June 20, 1768. Balance £184-16-11, ordered paid to deceased's lawful heirs. Brother Ebenezer Cooke, Lydia Cooke and Hannah Telf, each 1 part. "Ye heirs of Experience Aldrich deceased, 1 part. "Ye heirs of Joseph Cooke, deceased, 1 part, which with ye accountants share completely ye whole, a share being £360-1-1.

Thus Samuel Cooke has the evidence to have died unmarried.

30. Walter Cooke, b. March 18, 1701; administrator of estate of his brother Samuel; m. Margaret Corbett, daughter Dr. John Corbett. Samuel Cooke, father of these children, was constable in 1683, administrator on his estate granted Sept. 21, 1752, to third son, Samuel Cooke, the eldest son, not then living in this province, and the widow being helpless from very old age. (See Suffolk Co. Probate Records IV E.) also see Historical Gen. Record.

Nicholas Cooke (8), born at Weymouth, Mass., February 9, 1660. He lived in what is now called Blackstone. The record says that he died in Bellingham, Mass., December 7, 1730; lands laid out to Nicholas Cooke, March 13, 1705, on East of Great River, on both sides of Peter's River. Married 1st, November 14, 1684, Johanna Rocketts, or Rockwood, born Mendon, Mass., August 11, 1667, and died between 1710 and 1712. She was the daughter of John Rockwood, who married, 1682, Jan. 15 day, Johanna Ford, at whose death, John Rockwood married, May 14, 1703, Rebecca Turner, widow of Isaac Turner, and daughter of John and Rebecca (Wheelock) Crafts, of Roxbury, Mass. Rebecca was daughter of John Crafts (Lieut. Griffin). See page 44, Craft Gen.

Isaac Turner was son of John Turner and Deborah Williams, daughter of Robert. She was second wife of John Turner, and had two children baptized in Roxbury, and they went to Medfield in 1649.

Robert Williams, born 1593, baptized in Great Yarmouth, Eng., December 11, 1603, son of Stephen Williams and Margaret Cook (parents not given). Robert married Elizabeth Stahman, came in ship "Rose", landed 1635. Elizabeth died 1674, aged 80 (she is considered by Register, Vol. 44, p. 211, to have been a dozen years older), and Robert married second Martha Strong, it is supposed; and his grand daughter Elizabeth Williams, born 1660, married Stephen Paine, and his grand-son Ebenezer Williams married (2) Sarah, daughter of Nathaniel and Mary (French) Hammond, says Mr. Wheeler in the History of Stonington, Conn., page 662. Paines and Hammonds, married into this Cooke family, as see below, and French married Thayer, and they in turn Coes. See account of French under No. 76.

When Rebecca (Crafts) Turner, widow, married John Rockwood, she had the following Turner children:

(a) Rebecca Turner, born in Medfield, Mass., January 3, 1682; married James, son of Nathaniel and Mary (Friswell or Frisall) Allen or Allin, of Medfield.

(b) Elizabeth Turner, born November 10, 1684.

(c) Samuel Turner, born January 13, 1686; married March 17, 1711, Mary, daughter of Josiah and Mary (Twitcheil) Rockwood. Mary Twitcheil was daughter of Benjamin Twitcheil, of Dorchester, Mass. Named Dorchester in honor of the first settlers' pious and learned friend, the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, Eng., which settlers came, a regularly organized Church, with pastor and officers, on ship "Mary and John", June 11, 1630, and went to the Indian Wampanoag, changed by them to Dorchester. Mary was born in Medfield, August 3, 1681.

Mary (Twitcheil) Rockwood died September 15, 1689, and Josiah married (2) November 10, 1693, Sarah, widow of Samuel Wheelock. Mary Rockwood was the third child of the first wife, born August 3, 1681, died November, 1763; and her sister Bethia was born February 21, 1683, and married 1712, William Burgess; and her sister Joanna was born December 28, 1693, and married Gershom Wait, of Sutton; and her sister Hannah was born 1696, and married Joshua Whitney of Uxbridge, Mass., and her only brothers were John, and Israel, born February 25, 1676, died 1766.

(d) Isaac Turner, born March 15, 1688.

(e) Philip Turner, born February 5, 1689.

Nicholas Cooke married second in Mendon, Mass., December 13, 1712, Melitabale (Hayward) Staples, as his wife Joanna died 1710 or 12. Melitabale was the widow of Abraham Staples, and daughter of Samuel and Melitabale (Thompson) Hayward. Abraham Staples dying January 30, 1706.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

1561. THOMPSON—Wanted, the parentage of Isaac Thompson, of Westerly, R. I., who married in 1695, Mary, daughter of Joshua Holmes of Stonington, Conn. As the record of his family in R. A. Wheeler's "History of Stonington", page 435, is somewhat inaccurate, I give a list of his children as recorded at Westerly:

Mary, born July 1, 1697; Isaac, born September 25, 1696; Samuel, born July 29, 1700; Abigail, born January 17, 1701-2; Sarah, born March 3, 1703; William, born April 13, 1701; Nathaniel, born December 31, 1705; Anna, born September 4, 1707; Elias, born November 14, 1708; Mary, born March 18, 1709-10; Bridget, born October 14, 1711; Susanna, born November 25, 1718; Joshua, born August 18, 1714; Prudence, born March 11, 1716.

Mr. Wheeler makes Nathaniel and Anna "twins", although their births are nearly two years apart. His own "History of the First Congregational Church" shows that Nathaniel was baptized in 1703, and Anna in 1707. The name Abigail occurs twice in his record, the first one born January 1, 1701, the second, October 14, 1711. The first date should be January 17, 1701-2. The second date is correct, but the name should be Bridget, not Abigail.

Mary, the first child, died young, as probably did also Samuel and William, who are not mentioned in their father's will. The other daughters married as follows: Abigail, Daniel Babcock; Sarah, William Champlin; Anna, Stephen Babcock; Mary, Thomas Noyes; Bridget, Joshua Champlin; Susanna, Joseph Babcock; Prudence, Samuel Champlin. The three Champlins were brothers, sons of William and Mary (Clarke) Champlin.

Isaac Thompson's will is dated August 16, 1736, and it was proved September 15, 1738; amount of inventory, 2438 pounds, 3 shillings, 11 pence. The similarity of the names of his children with those of William Thompson of Stonington, who died in 1705, would seem to indicate some connection between the two families.—J. D. C.

1561. CHAPMAN. HERRICK, GORTON—Richard Chapman, of Braintree, Mass., had son Hope, born January 30, 1655; of Westerly, R. I., 1690; had son Richard, February 20, 1689-90, Elizabeth, Hannah, and Savage says, "perhaps others." Was one of the "others" a Thomas? Sumner Chapman, who married Elizabeth Herrick (2) February 24, 1756, is said to have been a son of Thomas. Was his father son or grandson of Hope? Who was Elizabeth Herrick (also printed Horrick)?

Sumner Chapman had son Joseph, born July 20, 1767, married Elizabeth Kenyon, December 21, 1791. Who were her parents? She is called on the Vital Records, "of Hopkinton". Their first child was named Benjamin Kenyon. A daughter, Mary Ann, born March 28, 1802, married Daniel Sisson (of Thomas and Abigail (Cottell) Sisson). Another daughter, presumably Elizabeth, married George Gorton. Can any one connect the latter with Samuel Gorton?—F. S. W.

1565. COREY ALMY—Who was William Corey, born 1760, married Fleece Almy?—F. S. W.

1566. EDDY, COHINE—Edward Eddy (Cade), Zechariah, Samuel, William, born October 18, 1763, married October 12, 1784, Elizabeth Comline. Can any one give her ancestry?—F. S. J.

1567. WOOD—Would like parentage of Benjamin Wood, who married Ruth Hopkins August 20, 1770, both of Nine Paders, Dutchess County, N. Y.—B. W.

ANSWERS.

1727. POTTER—Nathaniel Potter, born in England, died before 1641, married Dorothy, born 1617, died 1696. She married second, J. Albrow, Nathaniel and Dorothy Potter had two sons, born in Portsmouth, R. I.; Nathaniel, born 1637, and Ichabod. This is from Part IV of the Potter families of America. E. T. asked a similar question numbered 935, and gave the date of Dorothy (—) Potter Albrow's death as 2-19-1655.—L. B.

1789. SPRAGUE—I accidentally came upon this answer to my own query. Melitabale Holbrook, who married Jonathan Sprague, was daughter of Samuel Holbrook, Sr., of Bridgewater, who left an estate, 1695. Had children Cornelius, William, Elizabeth, born at Scituate, December 14, 1676, married John Buck; Melitabale, Jane married — Hancock; Persis —. His wife was Mary, Samuel, Sr., was supposed to be the son of John Holbrook, early of Weymouth.—J. E. S. S.

1809. MAXSON—If M. R. would apply to J. Irving Maxson, Westerly, R. I., he would probably get the information asked for. Mr. Maxson has been compiling a Maxson Genealogy.—M. E. M. T.

Jiverton.

Abner P. Macomber, of Fall River, has sold to Mary Eliza Macomber, of Jiverton, six acres of land.

Abner P. Macomber, of Fall River, has sold to Aea F. Mosier, six acres of land in the northeast part of Jiverton.

Andrew J. Sherman, of Providence, has sold to John H. Hicks, of Jiverton, 16 acres of land situated in the north-east part of the town.

The closing up of the river by ice, during the month of February, has prevented fishermen of this town from setting their traps for fish. From this fishing they have been able to derive considerable revenue during the months of February and March in years past. The loss of a month's fishing will be felt by many of them. It has also been impossible to secure clams on the beach, making them scarce and high in price.

In passing through the railroad bridge Monday, one of the boats of the Fisheries Co., which was being towed, came in collision with one of the lighters at work there dredging. No serious damage was done to either boat.

W. N. Andrews has had the second story of his stable sheathed up and will use the room as a paint shop this spring for painting his carriages.

During the year 1900 there were 71 births, 18 marriages and 61 deaths. Of the births 37 were males, 34 females. Of the 18 marriages, the age of the oldest bridegroom was 58 years, the age of the youngest bridegroom 19 years, the age of the oldest bride 35 years, the youngest bride 17 years. Fifteen were first marriages, three were widowers, one couple was colored. Ten of the marriages were solemnized by the pastor of the Central Baptist church, two each by the pastors of the Free Baptist church, Congregational and P. M. churches, and two were solemnized by pastors of Fall River churches. Of the 61 deaths, 29 were males, 32 females. James Shepard, aged 59 years, 2 months and 22 days, was the oldest male death. Charles Cook, aged 81 years, 4 months and 13 days, was the second oldest male death and Alexander Snell, aged 83 years, the third oldest. Hope B. Tripp, aged 86 years, 8 months and 7 days, was the oldest female death. Three days was the age of the youngest male and female death. There were 4 deaths between 50 and 59 years, 9 between 60 and 70 years, 8 between 70 and 80 years, 6 between 80 and 90 years, 4 between 90 and 100 years, 2 between 100 and 110 years, none between 110 and 120 years, 8 deaths under the ages of 1 and 2 years, and 16 deaths under 1 year. Seven deaths were due to old age, 7 from pneumonia, 2 the result of accident, 3 from apoplexy, 1 from paralysis, 1 from suicide, 2 due to alcoholism, 3 from phthisis, 1 from epilepsy.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Prof. C. W. Shields has rented his villa on Ranges avenue (Oste Point) to George Gordon King, of New York, for the coming season.

Mrs. William H. Osgood has rented her villa on the corner of Bellevue and Narragansett avenues, known as "Oakview Villa" to George Crocker, of New York, for the coming season.

Mrs. John G. Weaver has rented her cottage on the northern side of Berkeley avenue to H. Ray Miller, of New York for the coming season.

Messrs. George P. Wetmore, W. W. Sherman and others have rented the cottage on the northern side of Parker avenue, known as "Needwood cottage" to Francis J. Otis, of New York for the coming season.

Messrs. Leamy & Co. have rented for one year the store, No. 158 Fadden block.

High Approval.

"How do you like your new teacher?"

"The one who came from the West?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I like him very much. I haven't had an opportunity to test his knowledge of mathematics. But the way he pronounces such words as 'grass' and 'pass' is very amusing."

Washington Star.

The officer the hds are closed in revelling the worse for the eyes. With candle light the eyes blink 6.5 times a minute, with gas 2.6, with sun 2.10, with electric 1.8.

General Assembly.

The General Assembly is beginning to get down to business and this week has had under consideration a number of important bills. Of these the most important is that introduced by Senator Freeman on Tuesday, providing for the creating of a new state election returning board, the bill being referred to the committee on judiciary. The bill provides for the appointment by the governor of 5 members of a State Returning Board, to hold office for 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years, and hereafter one new member to be appointed each year for a term of 5 years. The members of the Board shall not all be of the same political party and their salary is fixed at \$500 each. It will be the duty of the Returning Board to count and tabulate the ballots cast for Presidential electors, Representatives in Congress, and general officers, and for and against any proposed amendment to the State Constitution or any question submitted to the electors of the State. The Board will commence the counting and tabulating of the ballots within 24 hours after their reception or the reception of any of them, and continue and complete the count with all reasonable expedition. The result is to be published in at least one newspaper in each of the cities of Providence, Newport, Woonsocket and Central Falls, and in each of the towns of Bristol, East Greenwich and Westerly. As soon as the result of an election has been ascertained, the Board will furnish each successful candidate with a certificate of his election, and deliver to the Secretary of State a detailed statement of the ballots cast, to be kept on file in the Secretary's office.

On Tuesday Dr. Garvin's proposition for the initiative and referendum was defeated by a large majority on recommendation of the committee on special legislation, the vote being to indefinitely postpone. Another bill of Dr. Garvin, that limiting the hours of street railway employees, was also indefinitely postponed.

On Wednesday two bills were introduced in the senate, relative to the election of general officers and representatives to Congress, the acts being made necessary by that creating a Returning Board. An amendment to the constitution providing that the lieutenant governor, instead of the governor, as at present, shall preside at the sessions of the senate and grand committee, was introduced and passed by the senate. Memorials from clergymen in this city and elsewhere in favor of the proposed divorce law, were presented in the House.

On Thursday a bill was introduced providing directions for preparing ballots for voting on amendments to the state constitution. In the House two bills of importance were introduced, one requiring examination by a state officer of trees and shrubs shipped into this state, and the other giving the right of eminent domain to the Providence and Danielson Railroad.

There is no doubt but that this winter will have given the new gravel sidewalks a thorough test before summer opens. It is seldom that the ground freezes as deeply as it has during the present season and when the frost begins in earnest to leave the ground something will have to give way before it. It may be the sidewalks here in Newport or it may be some structure on the under side of the earth. If the sidewalks are in good condition when May comes in, it will be safe to say that they will stand anything. Already a number of cracks have appeared in different parts of the city. In front of the residence of Mr. Philip S. Taggart on Broadway a crack extends from Newport to Bay View avenue. There are other cracks, but few as bad as this have been discovered.

Mistaken for Shafts.

A story is told of a pair of feet that must have been objects of great regard in their day.

One day a party of men, including Jackson, the man of big feet, were preparing to attend a political meeting. It was soon discovered that there was no way of conveying Jackson, as all the vehicles were full.

"Let me ride that horse over there," asked Jackson.

"There isn't a man in the world that can ride that animal. He'll work to a cart or plow, but no one can stay on his back."

"I'll try him, anyway." And the determined man instructed several men to catch and hold the horse.

The animal plunged and kicked, but finally Jackson secured a seat in the saddle.

Every one expected to see him dashed to the ground, but the horse looked round, saw the man's feet and walked peacefully away. He thought he was between a pair of shafts.—London Standard.

"You have three daughters to take care of, I believe."

"Yes, my family consists of three girls now, but unfortunately they are developing tastes that are likely to just double the number of people who will look to me for support."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, they seem to be acquiring a fondness for titled foreigners."—Boston Transcript.

Lippincott's Magazine

FOR MARCH CONTAINS

ROSALYNDE'S LOVERS,

By Maurice Thompson, author of "Alice of the Old Vineyard."

A Royal Exchange, by J. MacLaren Colahan.

Benjamin Franklin, by Archibald Claverling.

Send Love's Day, by Roland E. Robinson.

Queen of the Palace, by David A. Cortis.

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